

cinema canada

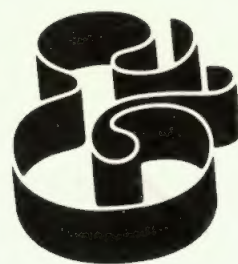
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Cover:

A double standard is creeping into the judgments made on Canadian films. While, officially, 50-50 partnerships with American producers are encouraged, Canadian directors are forgotten once they head south. **The Waltzing Policemen**, directed by Canadian Kerry Feltham, is a four-minute marvel which competed at the Cannes Festival. In his article on the festival, Marc Gervais addresses himself to the relationship between the American cinema and Canadian production. See page 8.

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REVERB

Retrieved from the mind of...

If the opinions expressed by Vaclav Taborsky in Cinema Canada no. 54 are any indication of the viewpoint of film production teachers in this country, I'm afraid the future of film in this country will be in a sorry state indeed.

Mr. Taborsky's "Ten Suggestions to the Film Student" reeks of an overall right-wing, establishment catering policy of film production. Does he not realize that institutions of higher learning, especially universities, are not designed and definitely should not function as training grounds strictly for employment purposes. Universities and colleges are places where one acquires a broad spectrum of knowledge, gains the discipline to pursue "truth" more rigorously, participates in and reaps the benefits of a communal environment of fellow awareness seekers and perhaps, if one is in a fine arts program, learns the rudiments and possibly the expertise of a creative craft.

Unfortunately it has been my experience that Mr. Taborsky's generally conservative attitude is quite widespread throughout our Canadian education world. He and others like him in positions of power over our future cultural leaders seem to constantly discourage budding artists from being at all creative stressing instead that they must be good little, obedient slaves of an outdated, authoritarian system of production.

I would be the first to agree that in the "real world" commercial movie-making is a tough market to crack: but what needs to be pointed out to stu-

dents is that there are alternative modes of film work. Modes that are different from and radically opposed to the standard, mainstream mindless junk that passes for art and perpetuates a distorted ideology. Many filmmakers in this land testify to anti-establishment, anti-American models of cinematic practice. May I suggest to Vaclav Taborsky and others of similar predilection that they take a serious look at the work of Jean-Pierre Lefebvre, Denys Arcand, Michael Snow, etcetera and use them as examples of successful anti-mainstream work.

I would certainly rather see creative graduates of our film schools, struggling to survive, driving taxis, making interesting 8mm personal films in their spare time, than prostituting themselves and destroying Canadian culture by working for the CBC — cutting one minute out of "The Mary Tyler Moore Show."

I may be slightly idealistic in my opinions and yet so were Jean-Luc Godard, François Truffaut, Claude Chabrol et al. If we really desire a Canadian "New Wave," we do not need educators preaching Old Pollution!

Retrieved from the mind (already corrupted by institutions) of a York University film theory graduate,

Steve Collins
Hamilton, Ontario

Sensitive and perceptive

The following letter was addressed to Kystyna Hunt.

On behalf of the Ontario Association for the Mentally Retarded, and all those involved in the production of

"Exploding the Myth," may I thank you for your sensitive and perceptive review in Cinema Canada.

We feel you presented a significant awareness and understanding of our message, while delivering your comments in a concise and most readable style. It is our hope that others who view "Exploding the Myth" will be able to derive the depth of understanding you have exhibited. You have been extremely encouraging and be assured your comments will be seen by many of the parents, volunteers and professional workers in our field.

Henry J. Botchford
Director of Communications
The Ontario Association for
the Mentally Retarded



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INTRODUCING...

bette chadwick

"Get me a hundred extras out on the set in half an hour!"

It is the kind of demand that gives a casting agent nightmares, and one that Bette Chadwick has had to cope with. For the last two and a half years, the petite, curly-headed young woman has been running The Other Agency with an energy that belies her diminutive size.

"I figured there had to be something I could do on my own," she explains, recounting her past experience writing copy for radio, then running a voicing agency. But finding voices for radio commercials just wasn't generating enough business. With more and more inquiries coming her way for on-camera actors, Bette decided to make the switch. At the time she opened her office, it was the only casting agency in Edmonton that was strictly that — not a public relations firm or ad agency. The office is small, but the roster of names on file continues to build up and the phone is constantly busy: "Are you free from 9 till 2 today? Good, you get to be a spiffy older man shopping for china... Yeah, with your wife, so dress up."

Commercials and production films constitute the major portion of the work, keeping local actors and actresses in bread and butter. A recent documentary type mini-series for Tinsel and Sham Productions, for example, called for eleven principals and twenty extras. But there has been an upswing in the number of features being made in Alberta, and Bette has felt the effects. Although she was not the casting director for Fraserfilms' *Marie-Anne*, she was involved for several weeks filling in the small parts. She handled all casting apart from principals on *Fast Company*, the Cronenberg drag-racing film, a fast-paced project which she found stimulating because it was not all on a local level. Lately, ITV has become involved in made-for-TV films, including the American-backed *Inhabitants of Venus*, a one-hour item to be shown on CBS in September, and more recently, *Terror on the Hill*, an all-Edmonton production, both of which Bette participated in.



Bette Chadwick: "I figured there had to be something I could do on my own"

Inhabitants of Venus was shot this past winter in Banff, the location representing the German Alps. This brought the challenge of finding many German-speaking extras who could look like "authentic" villagers. Bette started out sitting in the hotel, trying to make contacts by phone. But she quickly realized that standard procedures would not work. Undiscouraged, she headed out into the streets and simply started approaching people — in the shops, cafes and hotels. "It was amazing," she comments enthusiastically. "Completely inexperienced people would turn into really good actors." Like the hotel electrician, asked to portray a hostelier — "He just became the role, surprising us all with German adlibs, adding little flourishes."

It was an enjoyable job for Bette, and one that had its close calls as well. The American actress who was to have portrayed a wealthy Italian Con-

tessa, sweeping into the ski lodge with great panache, suddenly became unavailable a couple of days before shooting. "Where were we going to find, in two days, an actress who was good, gorgeous, and spoke fluent Italian on top of it?" After much hurried digging and phoning, Bette found her lady in Vancouver. "She was perfect — she fit the part beautifully. But it was sheer luck," she concedes, relief still apparent on her face.

There are many contingencies that arise in a casting agent's day. "They needed a baby for *Marie-Anne*. It sounds simple enough, but one got sick or one cried all the time or one didn't look right." Bette smiled. "I like working with kids... we had a bunch of eight-year-old little girls in here the other day. Maybe I am a sucker, but they are all so cute, and they get so excited." She worried about the disappointment suffered by those not se-

lected.

Ultimately, it is not the casting agent who is responsible for the final choice of actors and the potential disasters or successes that may ensue. But although the filmmakers themselves make the final decision, a person like Bette can take them half-way there, and she feels responsible for providing a suitable selection. "It is really satisfying to get good feedback from the actors or producers; to hear that something went really well, that you sent in the right person."

So far, it has been good. As to her long-range hopes of The Other Agency, Bette Chadwick reflects the wishes of so many others in the business of film — the challenge of working on full-blown features.

Martha Jones

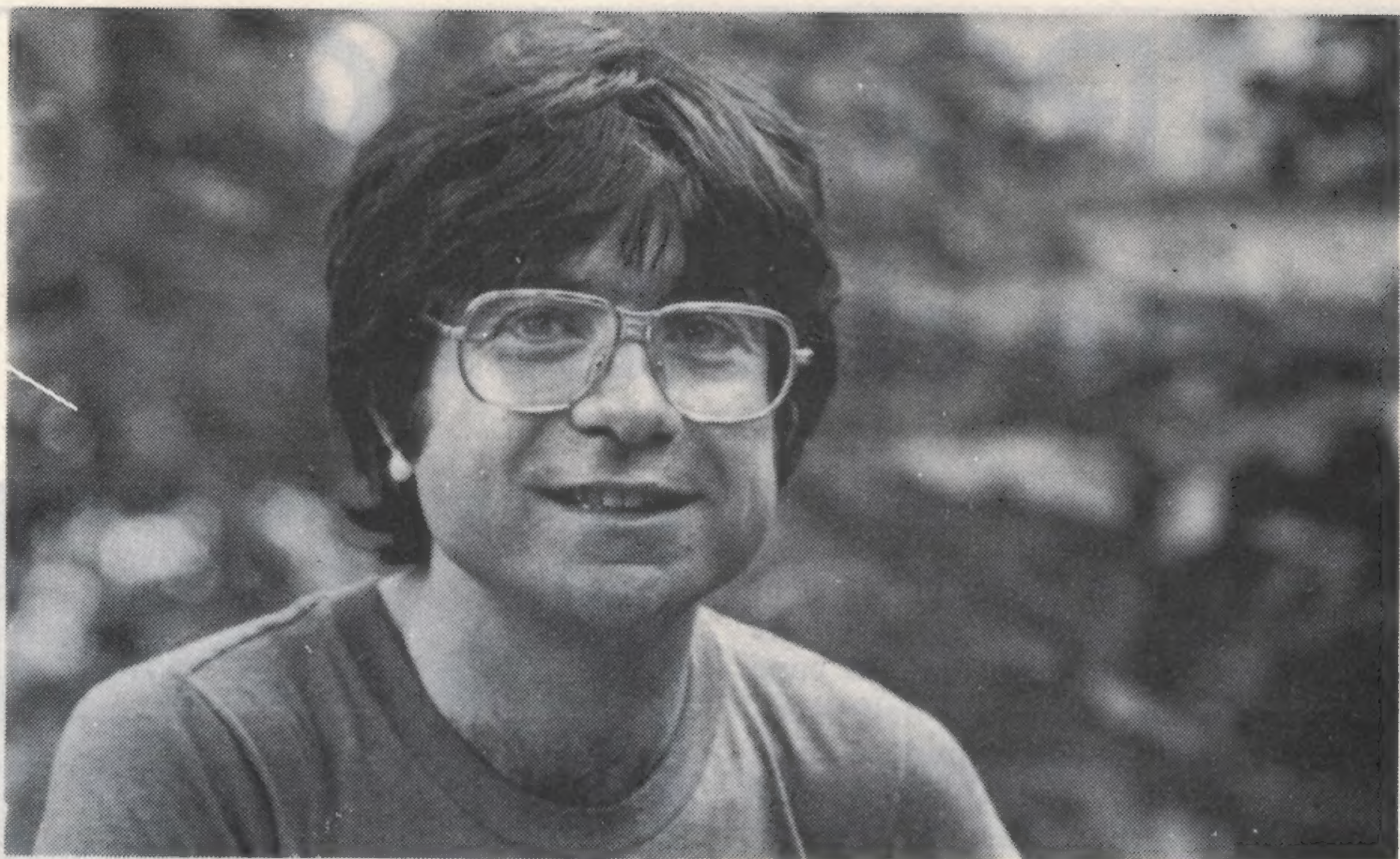


photo: Lois Siegel

Vartkes Cholakian: "I remember seeing *Lawrence of Arabia* 90 times"

vartkes cholakian

The most remarkable trait about Vartkes Cholakian is his enthusiasm. One can feel and hear it across a large room.

A letter from Vartkes in Hollywood...

Dear Lois... **Breakfast Included**, big company has read the script. They like it. I ask from them 4 million. I have met film editor of **Rocky**. He will be working for me. I have met Vilmos Zsigmond, cinematographer. I have met Anne Bancroft's agent. I have met Brad Davis, the actor. He played in **Midnight Express**. I want him to play the part... I met literary agent of Aldous Huxley, he is reading my script. John Cassavetes' cameraman is shooting a 10 minute film for me. I can tell you one thing, Canada is a dream place. They are living in a child's world. Hollywood is something... you have to be strong, talented, and a million other things, but, for me, it's a perfect place. I love Los Angeles. So I will succeed for sure in Hollywood... Vartkes.

Vartkes Cholakian is a filmmaker with ambition. He was born in Syria, but he is of Armenian heritage. His parents were survivors of the Turkish genocide. When he was in his mid-teens he immigrated to the United States because he loved what he saw in American films. He attended Hollywood High and worked as an usher in a Stanley Warner

movie theatre every day after school.

"I remember seeing *Lawrence of Arabia* 90 times," Vartkes exclaims. "The manager couldn't believe it. He told me 'What's wrong with you?' But I was learning editing and directing by watching."

After high school, Vartkes received a scholarship for painting and graphics from the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. And in 1968, Brandeis University started a film course. Vartkes met people there who had access to cameras, and he was able to complete his first film **Machina**. The film was a 7 minute black and white production which cost \$300. Vartkes earned the money for **Machina** by working in a factory at night.

Then Derek Lamb, who was teaching animation at the Carpenter Center in Boston, and who is presently head of animation at The National Film Board, suggested that Vartkes go to Canada.

He did and worked as an assistant cameraman, film editor and finally as a director: **The Cage**, 1972; **The Basement**, 1974; **Rappelle-toi**, 1975 with Luce Guilbeault and Marcel Sabourin and **A Simple Complex**, 1978.

Vartkes has received assistance from The National Film Board, CBC, The Canada Council, L'Institut Québécois du Cinéma and private investors. He has sold all his films and his reaction to independent filmmaking is "I survived..."

If anyone could sell anything to anyone — Vartkes could. For his open-

ing of **A Simple Complex** at The National Film Board, he talked Dubonnet, into supplying the drinks and Esso into "backing" the food.

About filmmaking in Canada: "I find people here very hard to collaborate with. They are very competitive — everyone wants to be a director. People have to help each other. I feel filmmakers don't want to exchange ideas —

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like everyone is trying to keep a secret. I don't have a connection with other filmmakers. I have my own energy. I don't have the means of mixing with them. If someone comes to me, I am very open, but I don't have much social time. I have a family, and I try to make enough money to survive."

Vartkes is married to filmmaker Mireille Dansereau (*La Vie Rêvée*).

"I don't want to mix film business in my domestic life. Each of us does his own work; however Mireille did produce my film *The Basement*.

"My friends understand my craziness and my ambition. Other people think I am talking too much or am too excited. I love making films — that's what I'm living for. Sometimes I don't get a job because of my character. I tell the truth and am energetic. People often think I'm pretentious. I suffered a long time — 6 years — surviving day to day. No one can destroy that dream..."

Vartkes in 33. His next dream is Hollywood. He has a script *Breakfast Included* written by Toronto writer Charles Israel.

"The film belongs to Hollywood to make it properly. It's about a young man, 25, who is living with a wealthy woman, 45, and why the relationship doesn't work.

"I was in Hollywood two years ago. I called Paul Mazursky (*An Unmarried Woman*) at 8 a.m. He liked my excited voice. He couldn't refuse me. He said, "Why don't you come to my studio and have lunch. Bring something to show me."

Vartkes explains, "The States work

on a larger scale. They are not caught up in personal ego. In Canada the industry is very small and survival is very vital. People try to kill each other, especially between women filmmakers.

"I believe in competition, but not if it becomes destructive. Competition comes from insecurity in life: who's best. Professional people get rid of this competitive hang-up. Schools here are not like European schools where in 4 to 5 years an individual learns a trade."

Vartkes' first films were autobiographical about peoples' relationships with each other as he saw them. The subjects were heavy; now he wants to reach a mass audience with a more commercial approach.

"I don't see progress in the Canadian film industry. Canadians have a complex that they can never beat the Americans. Why do they want to be American?

The film *Rocky* — they tried 4 years. My film *Breakfast*. Someone will like it, especially Hollywood being a crazy place like it is. The Canada Council refused *A Simple Complex* 3 times. They wanted changes. Finally they gave me \$8,500.

"I'm not making a feature in Canada because at a certain age you have to make a film with a guaranteed distribution. I can make it in Hollywood and always come back here."

"In Canada, I'm not being respected. I was turned down by the CBC and the NFB to make a drama. And after you are refused over and over you begin to say — "What's wrong with me?"

"To perform perfectly, your mind has to be free."

Lois Siegel

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cannes 1979

canada at the crossroads (again)

This year at Cannes, Canada made «gigantic attempts» to go «international . . . that is, in the 'Hollywood' mode,» writes film critic Marc Gervais. But Hollywood won the lion's share of the prizes.

by marc gervais



Oscar in a scuffle, from Schlöndorff's winning adaptation of *The Tin Drum*

For some years now, Cannes, as no place else, has played the role of Great Situator. After the two week total immersion, one returns to the home ground with a whole set of brand new, or not so brand new, insights concerning film around the world. What is the state of the art? And what about world film as industry and commerce? Or how is a certain country evolving?

That is why, paradoxically enough, Canadians go to Cannes to find out just what Canada is about in the great quest for feature film. Certainly, a context is created for evaluating the Canadian effort, the quality of its products and the relative merits. For Canada is, now more than ever, inextricably bound to the world scene; and success or failure — our future, really — is scarcely a private national affair.

Before delving, however, into the fascinating Canadian performance and the range of Canadian attitudes about our immediate future, one may well pause to reflect on a few aspects of the wider scene. For surely that is the major consideration, at least in terms of world culture and world economics and in terms of film excellence.

Cannes presented us with what might be called a final equation, one that is obvious. It is not a new one, but never has this writer found the basic fact so overwhelming: the U.S. now totally dominates the world film scene. We'll be getting back to that shortly.

Canada, then, is hardly unique in its poor-sister role in seeking world markets. Along with so many other countries, we have a feature film industry that is growing. There is plenty of activity. And in many of the countries there is some quality output as well. But one gets the distinct feeling that the others are scrambling for left-overs. "Hollywood" is what everyone wants, whether it is American products to show on the screens back home or the American market to expose one's own product.

Cannes, however, serves as a more strictly cultural thermometer as well, and certain trends were clearly in evidence at that level. The Year of the Woman (of very recent memory) seems to have paid off handsomely in feature film, for women directors were in evidence as never before. Of course, the Women's Movement is presently the central focus of intellectual activity in Paris. As Paris goes, so they used to say...

And films all over the world are doing a lot of soul-searching as regards the past. It may be a more nuanced — and more honest — exploration of World War II, the society at the time, or some such thing. In most instances, the heavy ideological re-writes of history are toned down, and the complexity of human motivation and behaviour heightened. The cinema seems to be taking quite seriously the question of who we are, and how we have been shaped by our history.

Perhaps because of this similarity of concern, many films regardless of nationality, have a similarity of texture about them. The formal experimentation of the sixties, to be sure, has long been absent from Cannes' screens. But now more than ever, shock and contestation have been replaced by a certain literary-ness, lush colors, smooth slow rhythms — and a meditative turn.

Maybe the over-all tone is one of greater gentleness and friendliness. Certainly this was reflected in the general atmosphere of the Festival itself, and in the film folk in attendance. The numbers were blessedly down, there was less hustle and bustle, there were more festive occasions, and the beautiful, sunny weather was reflected in the relaxed behaviour. People

actually seemed to be enjoying themselves, bringing the Festival dimension back to the occasion.

Or was this all merely a typical manifestation or symptom of seventies' socio-psycho-emotional fatigue?

Be that as it may, many of us conscientious scribes did see films, with the concentrations and (alas) omissions that the Cannes *embarras du choix* makes inevitable. A few brief comments from this writer's particular Cannes horizon, then, served up as symbols, perhaps, of larger situations within the over-all world film life:

Eastern Europe — or some of the film countries controlled by Communist regimes. Whatever the reasons may be, Cannes has not been blessed for the last decade or so, with many significant offerings from countries that had furnished us with magnificent moments in the fifties and sixties. Maybe that helps explain this year's Jury awards (as we shall see).

Czechoslovakia — a ray of hope? Jiri Menzel (remember *Closely Watched Trains*?) returned with a charming piece, *Those Magnificent Young Men With Their Movie Cameras*, a harmless offering which raised timid hopes among some that possibly the excessively repressive film situation in Czechoslovakia may be loosening a bit.

Hungary presented its usual aesthetically opulent offering, Miklos Jancso's *Hungarian Rhapsody*; and the USSR lumbered in with a heavily clichéd, but fitfully impressive epic, Andrei Mikhalkov Kontchalovsky's *The Siberiad*. This was my first taste of Kontchalovsky, who I had read was almost in the class of his colleague, the great Andrei Tarkovsky. Quelle déception! However that may be, both Jancso and Kontchalovsky are the fair-haired boys of their respective regimes. And so, it seems, a Festival bent of reassuring the Party saw fit to reward them with special prizes.

What makes all of this rather shabby is the treatment accorded to a far finer movie, Andrzej Wajda's latest exploration of Polish society. Fittingly enough, his film is called *Rough Treatment*, and it afforded one of the rare instances in Cannes of genuine contestation of an existing situation. Wajda dares to ask the relevant questions with intensity and dramatic power. What makes the performance especially noteworthy is Wajda's radical change in style. Wajda is 51, and for almost a quarter century has been considered Eastern Europe's greatest film artist, even though he is relatively unknown (thanks to our absurd distribution patterns) in North America. His initial reputation was built, in great measure, upon the brilliance of his romantic baroque. For the last few years baroque wildness has yielded to a sparser, more austere and contemporary direct cinema approach, perfectly suited to the kinds of questions that now obsess him. As a result, of course, Wajda makes the Party bosses uneasy, and his life as an artist is rendered correspondingly precarious. It was surely the most unsavory aspect of this year's Cannes Festival that such an artist was ignored in the prize awarding. Or was it that the Cannes people knew that any award might prove extremely embarrassing to Wajda?

The Scandinavians had many films in the Market and even as part of various manifestations, but failed to elicit much

Marc Gervais, Montreal film critic, is an associate professor in the department of communications at Concordia University. He is the author of Pier Paolo Pasolini edited by Seghers in Paris.

response. This in spite of the fact that Swedish films are now achieving what is considered impossible in the "western" world: their own films are actually outdrawing Hollywood at the box office back home. Unfortunately, Bo Widerberg's *Victoria*, filmed (disastrously) in English, enjoyed the dubious privilege of being the Festival's major disappointment, Widerberg's romanticism having succumbed all the way to soft, lush silliness. Sweden, by the way, is embarking upon a series of film weeks in Canada's major cities in early fall; and a few Canadians were busily helping in the planning both in Cannes and, later, in Stockholm.

The Australians, whose achievements have been extolled by this writer for the past three years, are hardly any longer the unknown, sweet young things of world cinema, whose every cinematic move elicits appreciative ooh's and aah's. Consequently, the critic's attitudes grow tougher, more demanding. It seems to me that the Aussies are in a bit of a bind, relying too easily on a kind of filmic naiveté. What is needed now is a little more aesthetic daring and experimentation, variations on what may have become predictable formulas. Australian films, facing problems similar to our own, nonetheless still compare very favourably with the Canadian output.

Italy will be duly celebrated in a few months at the Montreal Film Festival. One hopes that the Italian films will be of a higher order there than those presented at Cannes. Not that Rosi and Risi and Commencini's work was shoddy; it was merely uninspired and uninspiring. There was, however, one lovely Italian event, Federico Fellini's return to nuance, wit and human dimension in his *Prova d'Orchestra* (*Orchestra Rehearsal*). This may be "only" a 70-minute made-for-TV



Jean Lefebvre, director of the Film Festival's Bureau (known as Cinema Canada abroad), coordinator of the federal presence in Cannes

exercise, but what a welcome release from the turgid aesthetic elephantitis of *Casanova*! A return to grace by the *maestro*, no less.

The hosting French entries deserve little comment, but West Germany was very much in evidence. Werner Herzog's *Nosferatu* is already a hit of sorts in Europe, but his official Cannes entry, *Woyzech*, rivalled Widerberg's film for let-down — a sort of aesthetic indulgence of another kind. The controversial Fassbinder, of course, had some three films floating around Cannes, continuing that director's policy of deliberate unevenness, provocation, distanciation, and the aesthetics of anything-I-do-is-worth-recording. But it was Volker Schlöndorff's *The Tin Drum* (from Günter Grass' novel) that elicited the greatest enthusiasm, actually sharing the Grand Prix du Festival. And so the Germans continue to impress. But in their hermetic stylistic gropings and down-beat themes they still fail to meet a broad-based audience. More often than not, German films continue to be alienated, agonized communications of a still fractured national psyche, at times seemingly the fruit of what one might exaggeratedly term the psychotic sensibility.

Of course, there were so many other films and other film cultures struggling for attention at the Cannes festival; and hopefully other scribes will highlight this or that aspect that deserves notice. However, it is time, in this article, to face up to the unavoidable fact mentioned earlier on.

To put it this way — can anyone fault Canada for going the Hollywood route when one experiences the extent of Hollywood's success at Cannes, that incomparable arena for comparison and evaluation?

Some of the facets of Hollywood's phenomenal domination over the years are well known to be sure. The Americans seem to have a stranglehold on financing, distribution, and the like. And for decades — even before the twenties — Hollywood has mastered the technique of appealing to the masses, all the masses, one is tempted to say, across the face of the earth. What is it about Hollywood stories and Hollywood heroes and heroines that appeals to the universal human imagination? How does the psyche find itself so readily in Hollywood's mythic incarnations and representations?

There has to be an answer, and this has resulted in Canada's gigantic attempts at going "international" — international, that is, in the "Hollywood" mode. As has been reported at large, the Canadian effort has met with staggering success. One hears figures of Canadian international sales and foreign investments initiated this past May at Cannes amounting to some 12 to 15 million dollars — when only twelve months ago, Canada's finest financial showing to date at Cannes had amounted to 3 million! Add to that some \$125 million pre-Cannes international money and one gets an idea of the enormity of the success story. Government policy, tax deferments, the over-all politique of the Canadian Film Development Corp. under Michael McCabe and Michel Vennat seem to be paying off, to put it mildly. Put it more strongly, and it goes like this: not long ago, "Canadian" in film finance circles meant sure death. Now, in finance circles, the same word starts a stampede to get in on the action.

Bravo! Well, maybe... and maybe not so bravo. For one sensed a very intriguing feeling of "yes, but..." among well-placed, knowledgeable Canadian types at Cannes' Carlton terrace or various other watering holes and restaurants where the folk meet and more or less confide. The business side is happy,

whether it be the veterans (say, Pierre David, Denis Héroux, David Perlmutter), or comparative rookies pulling off significant coups (such as John Danylkiw and John Cressey). But the "quality" boys and girls (critics? certain officials? etc?) are less than ecstatic. This group obviously does not wish to knock a good thing... yes, we are all happy that film *is* happening, that people *are* working, that experience is a-growing with expertise at all levels. And yes, I admire Michael McCabe when he says that Canada must soon attempt at least a few quality films a year to go along with the boom.

But booms tend to poop out if the grounding is insubstantial. And truth to tell, it was extremely difficult to take any of Canada's dozen or so commercial films shown at Cannes this year with any kind of seriousness. A co-production such as **Murder By Decree** is the exception. But while one can admire the commercial intelligence behind **Wild Horse Hank** — surely it will work this summer in the drive-ins — the unlikely mixture of **My Friend Flicka**, women's lib, and truck driver ethic is a bit much. **Running** furnishes another example. Full of excellent things — notably Michael Douglas' lead performance and the inclusion of the Montreal Olympics — the film nonetheless shamelessly goes for the hankerchief syndrome, using every tried-and-true tear-jerking technique known to the cinema. I loved it, I wept — and the critic super-ego in me screamed in protest.

One could go through the list of Canadian films shown at Cannes, highlighting pertinent aspects. And surely each deserves far more individual and serious and thorough treatment than is possible in this kind of article. But the danger signs are there: Canadian films tailored to what certain film people judge to be Hollywood models are pretty unimportant fare, to judge from recent examples.

And here a parenthesis — the *Québécois* situation is a different one, somewhat similar, perhaps in its commercial manifestation (say, Jean-Claude Lord and Denis Héroux's co-productions), but radically dissimilar in what one might call the seventies, cultural inheritance of Quebec's film explosion in the sixties.

In the latter category, Canada had three films invited to three of the prestigious side manifestations. Of course, as always, Jean-Pierre Lefebvre, the most remarkably independent and individualistic of all Canadian film directors, had yet another film in Cannes, this one an austere, unrelenting study of today's CEGEP youth-victims, **Avoir 16 Ans**. Jean-Pierre is still the poet of life's sad folly, only now he can look *back* on a younger generation, and feel the loss there, a sadder and more mellow man.

It was two Quebec *women* film directors, however, who received the greatest positive response. Diane Létourneau's **Les servantes du Bon Dieu**, an affecting documentary on a community of nuns in Sherbrooke, Quebec, proved a most unexpected hit. And Anne-Clair Poirier's **Mourir à tête**, a hard-hitting docu-drama on rape, scored both as cinema and social controversy.

All of these films assuredly testify to the fact that serious Quebecois cinema is far from dead, and that in Poirier and Létourneau women-in-film is now a solid reality chez-nous. Over-all, there are signs even of a Quebecois film renaissance of sorts.

End of Quebec parenthesis, and back to the "central fact" — Canada's main-line effort at imitating Hollywood recipes



Diane Létourneau eats with Louis Marcorelles from France's prestigious *Le Monde* and a French psychiatrist (top) while Jacqueline Brody from Cinema Canada schedules interviews with Anne-Clair Poirier (middle). They don't seem to disturb the placid Jacques Dick who keeps all the accounts in order. Below, Tony Kramreiter asks Claudie Delahaie for assistance in the Carlton Hotel Canadian headquarters.

in order to capture the American and "international" markets (an economic necessity) seems to be paying off financially right now, to be sure. And as far as filmmaking is concerned, it is solidly based on *one* aspect of the successful "American" formula. Hollywood, it seems, has gone on captivating the universal human heart — and capturing the lion's share of the

world's film market — by remaining steadfastly true to certain *sure values*.

Hollywood, that is to say, hardly ever forsakes obvious *story, character, external action, highly dramatic and spectacular conflict and violence*. European cinema was extraordinary in the fifties and sixties, probably the most brilliant film explosion in history, precisely in adventuring out into more “artistic,” “personal,” “inner,” “social” dimensions. But the success did not last: the inner probe, the more delicate approach, the ideological drive, describe it how you will — apparently do not enjoy comparable mass appeal. Simple stories, basic emotions and sentiments, more or less archetypal action figures — that's entertainment. And so Canada, which never succeeded before in following this popular movie fiction route, is now turning with a vengeance to the Source, the Perfect Example, for its models.

But the catch is that Canada seems to be emulating Hollywood “B” films (at best). We are simply not doing the *good* things that Hollywood does. So what happens when our international buyers get stung with too many “Canadian” B products... where goes our credibility, and our movie boom? Not to mention specifically “Canadian” cultural values (the eternal question)!

True, Cannes' Market had many examples of “genuine” Hollywood B exploitation flicks. But by and large, these are *not* the movies that make it big at the box office. These are not the films that everyone — public and critics alike — wants to see in preference to almost any other films. What makes Hollywood so viable a phenomenon is precisely its *good movies*. And, quite simply, Cannes 1979 was a testimonial that these good Hollywood movies are not only the most “popular,” but also artistically, culturally far and away the best in the world right now.

I am not referring here to rather “special” categories. John Huston, for example, was given a prestigious homage, highlighted by the world premiere of his latest movie, *Wise Blood*. Here is a strange, very personal film, made peculiarly interesting when viewed within the context of the old master's other works. Well, Hollywood has room for that.

Or take the case of *Northern Lights*, a social justice movie about mid-West America and the labor movement around 1915, created by beginners John Hanson and Rob Nilsson. This film was very well received in most quarters and testified to yet another aspect of feature film vitality in the USA.

It is, however, in the main-line, big, “commercial” films that Hollywood in the late seventies towers above everyone else. Almost all of the big American official entries shown in Cannes have already been seen in major Canadian centres. A little reflecting on them reveals that, yes, they do in great measure adhere to the sacrosanct popular elements mentioned earlier — *i.e.*, story, character, external action/conflict, emotion, heart — but they are something else as well: exciting, beautifully created manifestations of some deeply in-felt and meaningful aspect of American life today, or American history. Or let's say simply life, culture, social justice — you name it. Not all masterpieces, admittedly, but films with size and intelligence and an appeal totally beyond what we seem to be trying to imitate in Canada. And so, the Cannes, American roll-call: *Norma Rae*, *Days of Heaven*, *Hair*, *The China Syndrome*, and Woody Allen's marvelous *Manhattan*.

And above all, one other film, not yet completed, not to be shown, presumably before autumn, the most eagerly awaited

event of the festival — and far and away the hit of that event, its fulfilment, and winner of the Grand Prix (which it should *not* have had to share), Francis Ford Coppola's *Apocalypse Now*.

Here is a film destined to become one of the great war movies of all time (immeasurably superior to the grossly over-rated *Deer Hunter*), a deeply human groping with America's traumatic, recent experience in Vietnam. Coppola's baroque, popular artistry absorbs T.S. Eliot and above all Joseph Conrad's “The Heart of Darkness” in the ultimate statement on the absurdity and evil of war. Beginning as a typical war adventure, *Apocalypse Now* broadens into surrealistic nightmare, finally to narrow into a river journey that plunges profoundly into the darkest areas of the human soul. The result is unforgettable, meaningful art, human, “popular,” “commercial” (one hopes) — and Hollywood.

It is unreasonable, perhaps, to ask a young Canadian feature film industry to match the Hollywood models just proposed. But if imitate we must, then that is the Hollywood we must aspire to — and not the cheaper, shoddier aspects of Hollywood we now seem dedicated to re-incarnate.

So the hope is not that unreasonable, surely. After all, a culture is measured by its aspirations. There is no law that says, Canada cannot have a Fellini, a Coppola, an Allen, or a Wajda. As part of a continuing, self-examining and re-thinking process, Canada's official agencies had better look at the question in more all-encompassing perspectives, even if that means sacrificing some of the quick-gain, but ultimately dead-end, enterprises. □

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apocalypse now

by rené balcer

"Cinema is the most potent force in modern times, especially so when you begin to consider that cinema as we know it is going to change radically. We must realize that the world cinema will be electronic, it will be digital, it will bounce off satellites and it will create the dreams and hallucinations of the future."

Francis Coppola

"Mistah Kurtz — he dead."

Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*

"From my point of view, I feel that I'm a fifth-grader living in a third-grade world and anxious to get to high school."

Francis Coppola



Francis Coppola, here at the Cannes press conference, is back in L.A. on his own terms

«I wanted America to look at the face of horror and to accept it,» declares Francis Coppola. He won the Palme d'Or at Cannes for his brilliant **Apocalypse Now**, a film whose scope has rarely been equalled.

It is nighttime in Laurel Canyon. Dogs bark free and dodge the halogen headlights that wind their way up the twisting canyon roads. The air is misty and filled with the dizzying fragrance of lilac and Eucalyptus. Inside a dishevelled house, Britten's *The Rape of Lucretia* joins with the barking, unleashed choir. In a back room, a softly-whirring Betamax unfurls a grizzled *Casablanca* in polka-dot schemes. Dog-eared scripts lie pell-mell on the floor, cast in an unholy glow. In a far closet, a sepia-toned Buster Keaton stares forlornly into his own shadow, a silent and shattered reminder of all the bad days Los Angeles would sooner forget. The Betamax clicks to a stop and leaves a blizzard on the archaic cathode-ray screen.

In the early morning outside Mann's Bruin Theatre in Westwood, a fifth-grader is answering nursery-school questions. The last of three previews of his work in progress, a film called *Apocalypse Now*, has just finished and those who completed the journey are ever so slowly finding their equilibrium in the cool air. A few of them hold their preview cards as an agnostic might hold a rosary. They look at the fifth-grader, envying the power of his knowledge. Preoccupied with his next high-school project, Coppola answers one last question and slips into the dying night. The third-graders are left shocked and marvelling at their first glimpse of higher education. The dawn is almost breaking in L.A. and a wind of change is blowing in from the west. It is a wind that will shake and rattle the most basic assumptions the film community has of its own medium.

Solemn prophecies and grandiose predictions are common currency in L.A. town. Accordingly, whatever pronouncements that have slipped out of tinsel lips in the past thirty years have been treated as either chill winds or sudden gusts of hot air. But the strong and steady blow now gathering on the coast is one that will sooner or later, and no less intensely, make itself felt wherever celluloid flickers through music lanterns.

*"The film changed everyone who worked on it. It was like a group of grunts, of soldiers on an expedition and, after a while, everyone was saying, 'Well, Francis is crazy, but what else can we do? Let's follow him.' I'm a much different person from who I was before starting *Apocalypse Now*. And the films I want to make are much different from what they would have been had this thing not happened to me. I think that I'm a more interesting person and I'm going to do more interesting films."*

Francis Coppola

René Balcer is a scriptwriter living in Montreal and Los Angeles

People come to Los Angeles to re-invent themselves and indulge in form at the exclusion of substance. Those who come armed with the best of intentions are often ravaged by the time they get near the top, their principles reduced to nostalgic reminiscences. Their films often reflect that the dross is the only thing left after the mill. Fresh from UCLA in the early sixties, Coppola had garnered, by the mid-seventies, enough gold to turn the best of principles and intentions to mush. But, despite at times becoming inebriated by his own power, he walked the fine line over which many before him have tripped. He stayed in San Francisco where his American Zoetrope Company has its headquarters; he produced films for then-unknown directors; he made films that challenged rather than pandered to his audiences; and he sent his company off in what he terms "odd directions" to investigate and develop bold new technology for the medium he understands so well.

His earlier claim that the future cinema will be an electronic and digital space-traveller is one that can be backed by advances in the field, some of which are taking place under Coppola's patronage. His electronic editing table, marrying video flexibility with film, has been credited for much of **Apocalypse Now's** surrealist texture. A far more sophisticated table, being developed by Laurie Post in L.A., will interface a computer's memory bank and retrieval system with laser-coded video-disks for film. Digital transmission through binary coding is in the works, a distribution system that will eliminate the static and interference seemingly inherent in video transmission, and make possible the use of large, flat wall-mounted viewing screens. Out in space, a Canadian-built

CTS satellite, being tested for broadcast purposes, will clear the way for consumer-owned mini-dish receivers. These and other developments represent a quantum leap towards a faithful and more forceful representation of a director's vision, and towards a more direct link between filmmaker and audience. With freer means of expression at the director's disposal and a more powerful experience of that expression by the audience cinema will become, in Coppola's words, "more so the collective consciousness that will link us in the future."

After San Francisco and four years in the jungle, Coppola is back in L.A. on his own terms. He has recently bought the old Hollywood General Studios and plans to turn part of it into comfortable workshops for new writers and directors, a far cry from the bad old days when scriptwriters were crammed six at a time into sparsely-furnished footlockers to bang out scripts by the light of short candles. From this Hollywood base, Coppola intends to continue and enlarge his role as producer for new or neglected filmmakers. He has said recently that those with money can't make good films while those who can make good films usually don't have the money, and that producers-directors like himself have a responsibility to produce films for those who don't have the money. With this idea in mind, he is producing Monte Hellman's (**The Shooting, Two-Lane Blacktop, China 9 Liberty 37**) next film entitled **King of White Lady**. Coppola has also said that, as far as he's concerned, the only national cinema around at present is German. Putting his money where his mouth is, he's producing Wim Wenders' first American film, **Hammett**, based on an incident in *roman noir* novelist Dashiell Hammett's life. And he's recently picked up the American distribution rights for Hans-Hurgen Syberberg's seven-hour monologue marathon **Our Hitler**. It's hard to think of a tougher film to distribute in America, but it's harder still to think of a film more worthy of American distribution.

It is a bold move on Coppola's part to take the initiative in Hollywood, a place known more for its pack filmmaking than its innovation. Without denigrating needlessly the many, though sometimes thin, virtues of the American film process, the opportunities to learn and work intelligently are few and far between in Hollywood; those that supply those opportunities, however self-serving they might seem to some, are to be treasured. Another thing to consider is that Coppola has followed through on his stated commitment to a film renaissance, from the technological developments fostered through his company to producing bold films that would otherwise not be made. And now, he has made **Apocalypse Now**, an ambitious, unconventional and ultimately successful master work that incorporates much of the coming technology and much of Coppola's peculiar psyche. More ambitious, expensive and theatrical films have been made but none have proved so challenging or so clear-headed and none have offered such hallucinations, such beauty and such a journey as that on which **Apocalypse Now** takes its audience.

"I wanted to make a stylized movie. For me that means that it can be theatrical, it can be kabuki and opera. I felt that to make a realistic film about Vietnam would be too small, so I made a theatrical film to try to get more of the sensation of what it was like. I felt that my audiences were familiar with war films so I wanted to win their confidence at first and say, 'Come with me, we start in a movie you understand, that you've seen

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before. We go a little further, we get a little stranger until, after a while, you are in a place where you've never been before.' I was given the biggest compliment by a guy who was in Vietnam, a serious man who told me, 'Now when people ask me what Vietnam was like, I can tell them to go see that film.' That's what I'm most proud of about the Vietnam aspect: it is the truth, it was an acid trip, it was crazy."

Francis Coppola

"He cried in a whisper at some image, at some vision – he cried out twice, a cry that was no more than a breath: 'The horror! The horror!'"

Joseph Conrad, **Heart of Darkness**

"...one last chopper revved it up, lifted off and flew out of my chest... no moves left for me at all but to write down some few last words and make the dispersion, Vietnam Vietnam Vietnam, we've all been there."

Michael Herr, **Dispatches**

The curtains are still drawn yet the sound of the jungle already fills the hall: crickets, macaques and beetles weave their chants into the sparse opening bars of The Doors' apocalyptic song "The End." The curtains part and give way to a shimmering row of palm trees bordering the Southeast Asian jungle. A Loach chopper, black and spider-like, floats by silently, followed by another until several crisscross the frame in a quiet, technological ballet. The face of a sleeping man appears, superimposed, then the egg-beater rhythms, of an overhead fan mixes with the Loach props as the fly-by goes on in the jungle. The music builds to a first spacey crescendo, suddenly, the green erupts in a torrent of napalm fire, the smell of victory, the answer to every grunt's prayers. The nightmare journey of **Apocalypse Now** has begun.

The plot, adapted from Conrad's **Heart of Darkness**, is laid out quickly. Woken from a cognac-and-vomit sleep, Capt. Willard (Martin Sheen) is dispatched to the headwaters of the Mekong to kill Col. Kurtz (Marlon Brando), a Green Beret SF officer who has succumbed, in the isolation of his posting, to the temptation of playing God. Up the river Willard goes on a boat skippered by Albert Hall and manned by a Harlem street punk (Larry Fishborne), an acid-dropping Californian (Sam Bottoms) and a thirtyish ex-cook (Fred Forrest). On the trip, he runs into Lt. Col. Killer Kilgore (Robert Duvall), a hotshot helicopter commander who delights in leaving death cards on the bodies of dead V.C., into Bill Graham who's hosting a Playboy R&R show on a floating helicopter pad and into Coppola himself as a combat television reporter.

As the implements of civilized amorality are stripped away, the journey turns into a progress towards the core of the human soul where bare-faced terror hashes it out with unadulterated beauty, a confrontation with the human dialectic which has plagued us since primitive times. Coppola has removed the politics from his film to distill the basic horror of the war, exposing the underlying hypocrisy and fear that motivated the killing and scarring of millions, the devastation of two countries, and, least important of all, the expenditure of billions of dollars. But, at the same time, Coppola has captured the seductive beauty of war, of its machines and of its no-holds-barred savagery – sacrilegious as that beauty might be. In the end one comes out feeling on the one hand, blameless but, on the other, ultimately responsible.

Coppola has said that the film was not about Vietnam but that it was Vietnam. Though he was in part referring to the production itself ("We were in too long, overbudget and we were in a state of chaos."), he was also indicating that the film does not pretend to involve its audience in a drama but in an experience, in a boisterous quasi-Japanese meditation on the human condition reminiscent of Kurosawa's 50's films (**Seven Samurai, Throne of Blood**). The goal is met by first setting the audience off balance with surrealist images and unique sounds and then by keeping them in a state of heightened tension, giving one the impression of not being in control, much like going through an earth tremor that lasts for three hours.

With haunting and sumptuous photography that frames operatic special effects and strange incidents drawn from a vet's notebook, Coppola and cinematographer Vittorio Storaro (**Last Tango in Paris**) fill the film with images rich in beauty yet full of horror, from a harrowing chopper strike accompanied by Wagner's **Ride of the Valkyries** (connotations courtesy of Riefenstahl and Lang) to a free-fire zone on the edge of the chasm where, night after bloody night, grunts and V.C. face off to the tunes of Jimi Hendrix, to the smoke-shrouded ruins of a Cambodian temple where Kurtz reigns over his war-painted Green Berets and ash-covered Montagnard tribesmen. As the journey progresses and the moral frames of reference dissipate, the images and incidents become more and more primitive – but Coppola prevents his film from being staccato and episodic through the use of generous dissolves and superimpositions and by respecting the day/night continuum, all of which reinforce the film's – and the audience's journey.

The soundtrack represents another innovation; through the



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use of quintaphonic sound, bullets and jets criss-cross the hall, with muffled conversations placed in the aural middle-ground, dialogue in front, screams in the back and choppers overhead (the whomph-whomph of Hueys is one sound that, once you've heard it, you never forget), all backed by Carmine Coppola's eerie synthetic music. Through this sound, the audience is involved on all levels of confusion and tension with the war that's unfolding in front of them. Again, more points are scored in favor of the film's thematics.

Coppola captures the beauty of savagery down to its smallest details; whether it's a Loach spitting down death in bright streamers, the fire-flare of a chopper-mounted Minigun or the awesome presence of a Phantom jet wasted in the Mekong, the camera picks out their undisputed beauty. Not merely pretty pictures but a gut-level seductiveness. In one of the most telling scenes, two grunts are set upon and given the scare of their lives by a tiger, and it is with this tiger that Coppola's motif can best be illustrated. Aside from having the grunts scared out of their flak jackets not by a V.C. attack — which we expect — but by one of nature's own, the tiger underlines the duality examined by the film; for all its beauty and grace, the animal lives only to kill and procreate in the most efficient manner possible. It is that dialectic that Coppola forces us to confront and, in the last part of the film when Willard comes up against Kurtz — the very human face of moral terror, the myths of horror vs. beauty/good vs. evil come to a head in a haunted dialogue that leaves its eventual resolution up to the audience.

In the final analysis, no film has exhibited as much tactility and presence as this one, and none have, in the big league that Coppola operates in, gambled, in its unique and unconven-

tional way, so much. From its strong thematic base, to its visual and aural accomplishments, to its exhilarating performances and technological innovations, the sum of **Apocalypse Now** comes closest to a film-rendition of what Aldous Huxley has called "visionary experience" — outrageous and improbable as that may sound.

"I wanted to kill Kurtz for America. I wanted America to look at the face of horror and to accept it, to say, 'Yes, it is my face' and be exorcised. And only then could they go beyond to some new ways, to a new age. There has to be a new age; this is 1980 we're getting ready for, we have to put this stuff behind us and we have to go on to a new era. If we could give up fear and learn that we can live with each other, that we can enjoy each other, that our art, our ingenuity and our technology can make an incredible world, then I think that the future is going to be wonderful. For me, the guidelines of the future are intelligence, creativity and friendliness."

Francis Coppola

"'After the first tour, I'd have the goddamndest nightmares. You know, the works. Bloody stuff, bad fights, guys dying, me dying... I thought they were the worst,' he said. 'But I sort of miss them now.'"

Michael Herr, **Dispatches**

"Although I've made a film that is very frightening in some places, or is unpleasant, I left the decision unclear — whether Willard turns into a Kurtz or whether he goes back — because I would like my own life to demonstrate what that decision was."

Francis Coppola

Coppola, and those of like mind, are implementing the inevitable changes that must come if film is to live up to its potential. Though some filmmakers may hate to admit it, film is more than late-night fodder for television and more than an entertaining little peep show off the midway. It holds the greatest potential of all media — since it incorporates all media — to put at the disposal of human consciousness a level of experience unparalleled by other art forms. **Apocalypse Now** only serves to demonstrate that film, in the near future more than ever, can communicate faithfully, creatively and forcefully man's wildest imaginings and his bravest thoughts.

Complacency breeds mediocrity and despite all the epithets to which he has been subjected Coppola has never been described as complacent. Though he is not alone in this, Coppola, because of his high profile, stands as one of the brightest examples of what filmmakers can accomplish, be the resources small or plentiful. You might not want to go as far as Coppola in saying that "art is the answer to all the world's problems and it is the highest potential endeavor that we can give ourselves to," but the challenge is nevertheless there to be met.

Suffice to end now with the realization that filmmakers, and those who go to films, are now entering a new sphere of communications. What has come before has served filmmakers well but the future promises much, much more and with it comes a responsibility that the film community, for the most part, has previously felt itself immune to. □



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clear and independent

Ever wonder what happens to film school drop-outs? On the West Coast, Phil Borsos went on to make two lovely films and to win two Etrogs for them. What's more, he has taken care of their marketing.

by doug herrick

Like many talented professionals with an impatience for academic formalities, Phil Borsos began his career inauspiciously. He flunked his first filmmaking course.

But Borsos is not your average underachieving West-coast filmmaker. Today, at the tender age of 25, he has made two films, **Cooperage** and **Spartree**, both of which won the Etrog in the Theatrical Short category for the respective years of 1976 and 1977. In addition, he owns his own production company and backs up his considerable filmmaking skills with the promotional instincts and marketing savvy not always associated with the independent filmmaker.

Borsos has not let his visual style be seduced by the physical scale and epic quality of the British Columbia landscape. Instead, he prefers to work his camera in close, minutely documenting the processes of such dying arts as barrel-making and tree-topping. And he does so with the precise craftsmanship of his subjects.

Although he dabbled in photography in high school, Borsos is more conscious of the effect that silkscreening had on his visual discipline. As he tells it, "My father taught me silkscreening quite early. I became more and more drawn to the medium because it is so stark. I liked that. I also liked the fact that you could follow one single image to its logical conclusion. In fact, the idea of a single image is important in my inspiration for a film. If I walk into a place and I see something right off the bat, I know I have a film. The idea for **Spartree**, for example, came from a Vancouver Sun photo I saw of a giant fir being topped because it was infected with dry rot. Wow, what a shot!" (What a shot is right. For the dramatic topping of the giant fir in **Spartree**, Borsos assembled

Doug Herrick is the film librarian for the Canadian Consulate General in Boston.



In **Spartree**, highrigger Marv Trudeau climbs up to top a tree



A cooper in a cloud of steam assembles a barrel at Sweeney's Cooperage

a crew of 20, placed twelve cameras in surrounding trees to record the fall, and even tied five surplus American Air Force gun cameras to the top of the fir just for fun.)

Out of high school, Borsos first enrolled in the Banff School of Fine Arts. It was here that his film instructor placed him at the bottom of his class of 23. Borsos took the hint and transferred back home to Vancouver to pursue filmmaking at the Vancouver School of Art. As with many student films, Borsos' VSA works (**Barking Dog** and **Cadillac**) will probably not be soon revived as overlooked masterpieces. But as experiments in technique, they give a good indication of the directions that Borsos would later pursue.

Barking Dog (1973) is described tersely in the Canadian Filmmakers' Distribution Centre catalogue as a "Take-off of the Western Cowboy and the American Gangster of the 40's." That's possible. It is vague, or shall we say ambiguous, to the point where one runs the risk of investing it with more significance than it can deliver if close examination is prolonged. Basically, however, it is a study of character through editing. A gangster and his moll drive up to the entrance of Sweeney's barrel factory, he enters the door with a package and is shot by a long-haired gunman who hops in the car with the moll and drives off. The conceit is revealed in the credits. Both men are played by Bill Cupit. Kuleshov be praised.

Cadillac (1974) provided Borsos with an opportunity to demonstrate his technical virtuosity. The film is a series of carefully set up shots of the flamboyant expanse of metal

and chrome known as the 1954 Cadillac. Borsos satirizes the television commercial in this film, because it provides him with a form in which to accumulate his roof shots, door shots, bumper shots, and shots of the car blasting down country roads and over a bridge. As Borsos' camera pores lovingly over each extravagant fin and bulbous backup light, a salesman lauds its qualities and options ("Optional at extra cost"). Without Bill Reiter's exaggerated and effusive parody of a salesman — complete with blue shirt, white tie, tacky Western Yoke jacket, and several days of unshaved facial hair — the film would no doubt be a first rate commercial.

For his third film **Cooperage**, Borsos returned to Sweeney's barrel factory to document the art of the barrel-maker. Like many filmmakers, he first approached the National Film Board with his ideas. "I didn't have the money to make **Cooperage** myself," Borsos explained. "So I walked down to the Vancouver office of the NFB and asked them if they could help me with some raw stock and editing facilities. Initially, they said they liked the idea and would pay for raw stock, a work print, and would see later on about editing time. They also agreed to loan me some camera equipment and said that a cinematographer would be sent to sort of oversee things. That was fine. Later, however, the camera equipment started falling apart and we had to replace it. The cinematographer never showed up."

When Borsos brought the rushes to the Film Board, the NFB withdrew support from the project. "They claimed

they were sorry, but they felt there was not much of a film there. They thought it was really disjointed and fragmented; When I asked them about editing facilities, they claimed that it was all booked up."

Borsos rough cut **Cooperage** himself and took it to a "really super editor" in Vancouver named Jana Fritsch. Much of the quality of **Cooperage** is owed to Fritsch. Her initial sequence of shots, edited to music, establishing the factory in a state of early morning rest before the old machines spring loudly to life is one of the finest of the film. Her cutting is quick, but the impression is one of total peace. Then Borsos' camera takes over, moving with the coopers through clouds of steam, peering into the open charring fires, and probing the greasy, dust-covered gears of antiquated equipment still driven by overhead belts. Old, tinted Weyerhaeuser footage of the making and assembling of barrel stays in years past, is woven through the beginning of the film, establishing just how little things have changed.

By right of excellence, if not aggravation, **Cooperage** triumphed over NFB competition at the 1976 Canadian Film Awards. The people at the NFB Vancouver office must have felt as testy as a certain film instructor in Banff.

The marketing plan for **Cooperage** was as well thought out as the film itself. Of the \$19,000 that Borsos spent making the film, the Canada Council chipped in \$5,000, and the Film Board donated \$2,000 in raw stock and processing. Rocky Mountain Films paid the balance. Borsos ran the film through the festival circuit with the help of the Festivals Bureau of the Secretary of State's Office. The film was screened in London, Chicago, Barcelona, and the Virgin Islands. Viking Films was contracted for film sales and still handles the Canadian market, while the Boston office of the Canadian Filmmakers' Distribution Centre is in charge of American sales.

The CBC saw the film and its program purchasing department picked it up for \$1,750. Odeon gave it a thirteen-week run in theaters in British Columbia and Alberta.

The success of **Cooperage** enabled Borsos to secure a Vancouver bank loan for his next undertaking. Originally working-titled **The High-Rigger** and later changed to **Spartree**, it remains Borsos' finest film.

After **Cooperage**, Borsos vowed in a *Vancouver Sun* article never to make another short film. But, obviously he is hooked on the energy of filmmaking. He admits that he fell into filmmaking in the first place because, unlike silkscreening, "It's exciting." As he tells it, "You have to deal with hundreds of people, money, weather, and light, trying to coordinate all these intangibles. I like to think of myself as a producer, because I value the control. I prefer the overview."

In the case of **Spartree**, Borsos' skills as a producer were put to the test. Like **Cooperage**, he was out to document a fading art; that of the high-rigger, the man who tops the tree from which the central drag cables are supported in logging operations. Logistical problems started with finding the right tree. Initial inquiries were met with less than unbridled enthusiasm. Finally, a perfect 250' specimen was found, but it was unfortunately located in a firebreak — an area in which no cutting is allowed. After obtaining government permission to top one tree, Borsos assembled his crew of high-riggers, stuntmen, cameramen, speed climbers and others.

Borsos was obsessed with the visual quality of the film. He constructed elaborate dolly platforms over the forest floor to get the sort of smooth, gliding shorts that he felt even his



Director Phil Borsos on the **Spartree** set

steadicam was not up to. After all the rigging and preparation was over, the tree was topped. This climactic short appears in the final film from six different angles.

Like *Cadillac*, *Spartree* is a visual exercise in style. Everything leads up to the one shot from which the film was first conceived. As in *Cooperage*, the old Weyerhaeuser footage explains and provides counterpoint to the principle action. But these are not educational films in the usual sense even though they are selling well to educational film libraries. Borsos is not overly explicit in conveying the concepts behind making a barrel or topping a tree. Instead, he skillfully observes without narration, and in this way conveys process. This reticence works in *Cooperage*, but in *Spartree*, there is a weak moment. A blacksmith is seen beating into form an unexplained metal object. It is never completely understood what this object is, although one might assume that it has something to do with the cables.

But Borsos doesn't care about explaining each point. "You shouldn't have to tell the viewer everything," he says. "I believe that the audience must work at understanding the film. If the filmmaker does everything for the viewer, then he's just acting like some audiovisual babysitter and the viewer gets

less from the experience.

Recently, Borsos has been working on a short for the NFB (all is forgiven), a history of nails throughout the ages. He is also hard at work researching and going over script drafts for a feature film on the first Canadian train robbery. Much of Borsos' energy these days goes into his Vancouver-based production company, Mercury Pictures Inc. Borsos believes that a filmmaker must keep working in the medium, even if it means commercials, industrial films, or starving. "I used to work in a local film lab named Alpha Ciné in Vancouver for two years. Sometime during those two years I decided that I had to make pictures full time instead of dissipating my energies all over the place. So I quit, and starved for a while, but things are getting better. I don't understand writers or artists who drive cabs or wait on tables. I suppose you can do it, but I'd rather starve than waste away mentally."

Phil Borsos has achieved the perfect blending of skills for an independent filmmaker. His visual style is as meticulous, clear, and precise as his organizational skills, and he is an effective distributor and businessman. If he keeps up his present commitment to the medium, we will no doubt have much to look forward to. □



The owner and his 1954 Cadillac: a "flamboyant expanse of metal and chrome"

toronto's super8 festival

increasingly professional

by andrew dowler

This year's festival seemed to settle it; the S8 community is going professional. But differences of opinion and of experience persist, and the filmmakers at the Funnel are still the loyal opposition.



photo: Vivienne Kugler

Chairman of the Grants for Super 8 panel discussion, James Blue (centre) introduces panel members Gunther Hoos, Super 8 Sound, Massachusetts; Catherine Wyler, National Endowment for the Arts, USA; and Francoyse Picard, Canada Council, Ottawa

The fourth Toronto Super Eight Film Festival was held at Harbourfront from April 6th to 8th. In common with previous festivals, it featured screenings, craft workshops, glimpses of S8 activity from other countries and hordes of people talking shop and making contacts. Different from previous festivals, it featured prescreening of entries, cash and equipment prizes and seminars devoted to S8 as a money-making proposition. This is a reflection of the S8 community. Surprisingly, this professionalism was not universally lauded. We shall hear more of that later.

The centrepiece of this aspect of the festival was Saturday afternoon's panel discussion: Grants for S8 — Funding the Independent. James Blue, filmmaker, workshop giver and festival committee member, chaired the discussion and introduced

the panel members to a full house in Harbourfront's main hall. They were Eldon Garnett, a Toronto filmmaker who is thoroughly opposed to grants for S8; Francoyse Picard, head of the Canada Council's film program; Catherine Wyler, the assistant director for media of the American National Endowment for the Arts, and Gunther Hoos, S8 consultant to Cambridge.

Picard began by announcing that the Canada Council wants to fund S8 production and that she gets far fewer applications than she can handle. The crowd responded with a sudden hush and then the rustle and click of notebooks and tape recorders

Andrew Dowler is a York film graduate who has worked on a variety of film projects and is presently a freelance writer.



Independent, Parisian filmmaker Yves Roland: in France, Super 8 is a respectable and professional form of filmmaking

came into play. She went on to say that the Council has a maximum grant of \$40,000 per project and will fund everything from inception to release. It has a planning grant that covers from one to three months and allows the applicant to come back in the same year for production funds. It will fund blow-ups of films that have already found a non-commercial market, but it will not fund prints — except to save the decaying negatives of established artists (a job that Ms. Picard insisted properly belonged to the National Archives).

Although the Council does not currently engage in fund distribution, it may in the near future. Picard said she is currently looking into the applicability to Canada of a scheme that has worked well in the U.S. for the National Endowment for the Arts. In the past two years, Catherine Wyler has booked independent shorts into 3600 commercial theatres across the country. The response from public and theatre-owners has been so good that she is enlarging her operation and working to include features.

Questions came from the floor, mostly dealing with how to apply for grants and how the Council decides who to fund. Ms. Picard was happy to answer. She denied that the Council has a rating system and that it favors name artists over unknowns. Selection, she said, is made by a panel of artists working in the field. They examine applications and samples of the applicants' work, looking for evidence of talent and artistic growth. To the charge that this might, consciously or unconsciously, lead to favoritism, she replied that the Council changes its panels regularly and tries to vary them. She added that all panels are quick to spot and reject the inept budget — whether padded or starved. Sponsored films are also frowned on, as are films that already have a significant portion of the rights sold off.

For filmmakers wishing to jump to 16mm or to radically change their work, she recommended the Council's Explorations program. Although it is no part of her job or the Council's mandate, Picard said she put effort into finding appropriate backing for films she thought should be made, but that weren't Canada Council material.

Potential backers for S8 filmmakers were mentioned in some of the other workshops. In their talk on Applications of S8 to Research, Jake Pauls of the National Research Council and Ben Barkow, a Toronto behavioral psychologist, presented **The Stair Event**, a film sponsored by the National Research Council. Barkow and Pauls' purpose was to make a research film that would alert its intended audience of architects and planners to the practical considerations of safety when designing stairwells. To do this, they used multiple cameras in long shot and extreme close-up to catalogue the climbing patterns, accidents and near-accidents in major Canadian sports arenas. The result was a film that made its points in a clear, precise manner and, through its candid camera content, managed to be surprisingly entertaining.

Susanne Swibold and Elizabeth Garsonnin presented "Tracking Dinosaurs with S8" — the result of their contract with the Alberta Provincial Museum to document the fossil-and-footprint excavations of the Peace River Expedition. "Physiotherapy and S8" and "S8 in Education" suggested hospitals and boards of education, respectively, as sources of work.

Back at the panel discussion on funding, Gunther Hoos told the audience that the real money in S8 was found in transferring it to video, where the image is indistinguishable from that shot in any other format. He pointed to the success of Andrew Pearson's half-hour documentary, **Adrift in the World: Indochina Refugees**, made for the ABC network. Pearson did the film with a crew of two and a budget of \$10,000. While it can be criticized for being less a documentary look at life in a refugee camp and more an emotional appeal for Americans to support their former Vietnamese allies, the film is a thoroughly professional bit of work that looks very good on a television screen.

Further support for Gunther Hoos' view came from TRM Labs of Toronto who gave festival-goers guided tours of their video transfer facilities that include a version of "wet gate" printing to eliminate scratches and capacities for color correction, image enhancement and opticals. The TRM representative stressed that there was a lot of work in industrial films shot in S8 and transferred to video. Guided tours were also given by C.F.A. Labs. They specialize in blowing S8 up to 16mm and have the capacity to do it very fast and without any appreciable quality loss.

Gunther Hoos stressed the importance of achieving broadcast quality in the transfer, a goal requiring a good transfer done by a solid method. With transfer time at \$250 to \$350 an hour, leading to costs of up to \$1,300 for a half-hour film, the process requires good technical knowledge and self-discipline from the filmmaker. Most of the problems he's seen involve the lack of these qualities, especially in knowing the limits of the medium and the established standards of broadcast quality. He also mentioned problems with "defensiveness and ghetto mentality" in the S8 community.

Some festival-goers put a lot of effort into overcoming their technical ignorance. Not only was the trade show packed

throughout its run, but exhibitors reported, with vague traces of astonishment, that large numbers of people were asking very knowledgeable questions. Exhibitors included Bell & Howell, Adams and Associates, Octagon Cine Equipment, Magnetone Industries, Halmar Enterprises and Elmo. There was little that was new at this year's trade show, notable exceptions being the extreme wide angle, non-distorting lenses made by Century Precision and a Beaulieu projector with a reverse pressure-plate, an 11 to 30 zoom lens and 2400ft. reels. Older equipment that attracted a lot of interest included the Elmo GS800 stereo projector that allows for a 100 per cent, 70 per cent or 30 per cent mix of new to old sound, and the Elmo 612R and 1018R double system cameras.

People not upgrading their technical knowledge at the trade fair were doing it in the craft workshops, which were devoted to lighting, animation, Rotoscoping, Cinemascope and handholding. At one point in his workshop on sound recording, Douglas Berry of Sheridan College held up a microphone cable and said, "Most of your problems with location sound come from here." Someone interrupted with a can-we-fix-it-in-the-mix question, but few of the notetakers bothered to jot down the answer. They looked as if they already knew it.

Eldon Garnett sees the move toward funded S8 filmmaking as something to be shunned. His contribution to the panel discussion on funding was to warn the audience away from it. Attempting to get grants from an art bureaucracy could lead to a filmmaker abandoning the films he wants to make for the films he thinks they want to see. He had practical, personal complaints as well. He claimed that the Canada Council took his work with his application and sat on it for three months. This, he said, deprived him of opportunities for exhibition and any money that it might bring in. Picard replied that things didn't usually take that long and that the Council could look at his work and have it back to him in a week or two. Mr. Garnett greeted this dubiously and opined that it didn't matter anyway, since the Council stood no chance of appreciating his particular artistic vision, which involves shaky camera, scratches and what he describes as "truly *bad* films." He said he's given up on grants and now funds his productions by saving up a couple of hundred dollars and then goes out to shoot. He loses money, but it's a price he's willing to pay. He urged the audience to pay for keeping S8 filmmaking wholly independent.

This might, just possibly, be the "ghetto mentality" mentioned by Gunther Hoos. If it is, then Eldon Garnett is not alone.

After the funding discussion, Francoyse Picard took James Blue, Ed Hugetz, director of the Southwestern Alternate Media Project, who gave a seminar on the community uses of S8 and some others to visit the Funnel. The Funnel is an art and experimental film theatre and loose equipment co-op funded by the Canada Council. Work by Funnel members was noticeably absent from the festival.

One of the Funnel members present was Ross McLaren who founded and ran the first Toronto S8 Festival, four years ago. After the introductions, James Blue asked for a screening. When it was over, James Blue and Ed Hugetz were ecstatic. The work was wonderful and the energy and atmosphere of the Funnel were like the early days of the Godard, Truffaut and Bazin group. James Blue immediately began to set up deals for showing the Funnel work on his sixteen-week, PBS,



photo: Vivienne Kugler

Venezuelian Super 8 feature filmmaker Julio Neri: in South America, Super 8 is not a hobby but a political weapon

S8 showcase series. He offered \$5.00 per minute of screen time. Funnel members responded eagerly.

Then somebody asked why this amazing work wasn't in the festival.

The chill descended. Individually and collectively, the Funnel members were not happy about the festival. There were vague, dark mutterings that Richard and Sheila Hill had somehow pirated the festival away from Ross McLaren. Someone said that the festival had been set up for artists working in S8 and pointed to the fewer number of art films in this year's festival as proof that the judges "don't understand and would rather see something in focus." The trade fair, the prescreening and the prizes all added up to a commercial sellout and a competitive spirit that had nothing to do with art.

James Blue, a veteran of sixties radicalism, pointed out that the festival was shaped by those who entered it and suggested that next year the Funnel group do a little lobbying for their kind of festival. He mentioned the thin edge of the wedge. The Funnel members did not respond eagerly and the discussion of James Blue's TV series was resumed.

Sheila Hill was this year's, and last year's, festival director. She is the woman against whom much of this criticism was directed. A short recital of the grievances from the Funnel wiped out the lethargy induced by two days of festival management and replaced it with fury. She said she has nothing to say a-

gainst Ross McLaren, but she's sick and tired of back-stabbing and second-hand complaints. If anyone has anything to say against her, she wants it said to her face. She denied pirating the festival and claimed that Ross McLaren walked away from it in a fit of temper. Her husband, Richard, directed it in its second year because he thought it too good an idea to let die. Richard confirmed this. Of the reasons for Ross McLaren's fit of temper, he would only say, "I can't imagine."

Sheila Hill added that Ross McLaren was on last year's committee and this year was invited to organizational meetings and to give a seminar. She said he never showed at the meetings and refused to teach without payment. Nobody was paid for teaching at the festival. Sheila Hill said that the budget would allow for no more than travel expenses and that she, herself, had been working for months for "less than a secretary makes." She described a few of the things she accomplished from her impossibly tiny, cluttered office. They included dickering with a hostile Philippine government for a passport for S8 feature-maker Domingo Arong and bringing the festival in on budget. But she'd had enough. Too much work for too little money. If she can't get a decent raise next year, she said, the director's job is open to anyone who wants it.

She explained that the prescreening that upset the Funnel resulted from 250 entries, 100 more than last year and far more than could be screened during the festival. She added that the prizes were there to attract more and better entries and to give reward to merit. She pointed out that the top prize, \$500 from Carling-O'Keefe Breweries, went to Funnel member Patrick Jenkins for his art/experimental film, **Fluster**. She didn't see him returning his prize, though he was welcome to, if he wanted.

She has a point. However, there is something in the manner of **Fluster**'s winning...

Yana Sterbak, formerly of the Gallery Optica in Montreal and a judge at this year's festival, explained that the entries were divided into categories: Art/Experimental, Fiction/Narrative and Fact/Documentary. The six judges were paired into three categories. They did the prescreening and presented their award candidates to the other judges for argument and vote. Prizes were distributed according to the judges' best guess at who needed what. Ms. Sterbak's favorite film was **Fluster**. Nobody else thought it worth a prize. She won them over with a "brilliant half-hour speech" in its defence, but now she's left with thoughts of what would have happened with an inarticulate judge and with a confirmation of her belief that people aren't open enough to experimental films. Like Sheila Hill, she thought that the shortage of art/experimental entries from all over the world could be explained partially by the fact that such works are among the first things to die when depressions set in.

Fluster is a six-minute, black-and-white film that uses a single light attached to a rushing, swirling camera to explore the upper storey of a deserted house. These sequences are intercut with shots of something in a corner that is made of cloth. It falls and falls and never lands. On first viewing the effect is upsetting and, somehow, reminiscent of grim, local family homicides.

Jim Piper's **Terminal** and **Rattlesnake Roundup**, by Charles Glen Daniels, each received \$500 from the festival. **Terminal** is a drama about the struggles of a totally downtrodden and naive housewife to enroll in and succeed at a university art course. Its popularity with the audience seems to rest largely on its subject matter. **Rattlesnake Roundup** depicts a putting-rattlesnakes-in-a-bag contest held in Texas. It features great sequences of calmness in the face of snakebite and confrontation between those who think the roundup is ecologically harmful and those who don't. It is an excellent example of unobtrusive filming in confined spaces.

Other prizes went to: **Equivocation**, which received an Elmo two-track projector; **Graffitus**, a Bell & Howell sound camera; **Halfway to Heaven**, a Magnetone striping machine. **Halfway to Heaven** is a skydiving film by Alex Hessel of Toronto with members of his skydiving club. It is not a polished film, but the sequences of dusk jumping are beautiful and sinister. Some sharp-eyed distributor should have a look at this one.

A \$100 gift certificate from Halmar Enterprises went to **Lensound** by Robert Attanasio. Five \$100 gift certificates from Magnetone Industries went to **One Room Battle Ground**, **Brain's General History**, **One Hour, Twenty Minutes**, **Bar Rock** and **Delay**. The Jury Chairman's Award of a Kodak sound projector went to **Azrael** by Andrew Doucette.

These and the other films screened provided the full range of S8 work, from personal diary films through exercises in preparation for 16mm and 35mm to fully realized professional work. The range of subjects, imagination and polish prove once again that S8 is somewhat better than "alive and well."

Will Sheila Hill resign as director? Will the Funnel group work for their kind of festival? Tune in next year. In a way, it doesn't matter; the festival will almost surely survive. But Sheila Hill does a good job. She deserves her raise. And the festival group could keep the festival balanced. A balanced festival is the microcosm that reflects the macrocosm is becoming more important every year. □



filmmaking as a lethal sport

by lois siegel

When a motorcycle and a camera spell trouble, or when shooting in a depressed area results in tragedy, the art of filmmaking can become a deadly discipline. Lois Siegel reports.



photo: Lois Siegel

Denis Koufoudakis drives while Charles Fisch sits in the window: performing a stunt for Lois Siegel's *A 20th Century Chocolate Cake*

October 17, 1978. Nineteen-year-old Denis Koufoudakis is finishing a few scenes for his Super 8 movie. He is a CEGEP student in Montreal. He wants to be a filmmaker.

That day Denis came close to never making films again.

His near-fatal scene involved a motorcycle and a camera. These elements were only potentially dangerous. A series of oversights made them almost lethal.

Denis was lying on the ground with his Super 8 Nizo. The motorcycle was supposed to pass by him for a dynamic "action" shot. Instead the motorcycle landed on Denis' face.

The damage: Denis broke almost every bone in his face. He fractured his jaw, four bottom teeth fell out and the top front teeth were knocked loose. He smashed his cheekbone. He broke his nose. His right eye was pushed in: the orbit floors were broken. The retina had tears near the eyeball. The pupil was traumatized. The eyelid was badly lacerated. A tracheotomy was made in his neck to allow him to breathe. He suffered a broken arm and stretched ligaments in the wrist.

Denis has already had three operations. The first one lasted 8 hours. "They were putting me back together," Denis explains. But the pupil in his eye doesn't work. It doesn't adjust to light. Sometimes he sees silhouettes. One eye makes things appear smaller than they are. "It's like looking through a gelatin or a dirty windshield." He has double vision in both eyes. Glasses won't correct the damage. Denis has 20-200 vision — only 10 percent remaining in his right eye. He is legally blind in this eye.

But Denis is not a careless person. He is very aware of the dangers involved with machines. "I do stunts all the time. It is a matter of physics — knowing how things happen. But I had too much to do in one day. It was the 2nd to the last shot and I had to go downtown for a class."

Denis was worried about his film and about everything else he had to do.

"I was very careful, but the guy driving the motorcycle was a dirt rider not an experienced road rider. He was on one wheel coming toward me. I was lying on the street looking through the camera. When he finished the wheelie, he lost control of the bike, and then he panicked."

"After the accident I lost a lot of confidence in filmmaking. It is hard to do everything yourself. It brings me down because I'm not sure what I will do next. I was interested in the art of filmmaking. The accident has taken a lot of time — going to the hospital 1-2 times a week. But one thing it has done — it has made other students aware of the dangers of filmmaking. I found out that I should be sure the people I work with know what they are doing. The guy who hit me with the motorcycle was very shocked. I don't think he has driven his bike since.

"Originally I had planned to shoot from a tripod, but I changed my mind to get another angle — that is why I was lying on the ground. I was always worried about the Nizo — especially the eyepiece which juts out. It could always be knocked into your eye. It is a good idea to have a pessimist around as an assistant to watch what is going on when you are shooting and to warn you. The camera creates an illusion —

in telephoto it looked like the guy on the bike was far away, and he couldn't see where I was when driving on one wheel. You are involved in an accident before it happens. You can not control it. The motorcycle driver had never been in that kind of situation — he didn't know how to deal with the unplanned — and he panicked. We didn't realize the danger."

September, 1967. Hugh O'Connor is directing a small crew in Jeremiah, Kentucky. O'Connor is a professional filmmaker. He co-produced the Labyrinth show at Expo. He worked for years at The National Film Board as Head of the Science Film Unit.

O'Connor was hired by Francis Thompson from New York to film some scenes of substandard housing and the people living on the poverty line.

Hugh O'Connor's filmmaking days ended with this assignment.

O'Connor was not careless. He became the victim of circumstances.

Appalachia country is notorious for unpredictable incidents. People fear outsiders and perhaps with good reason. Appalachia is a land where thousands live in poverty — where strip-mining ravaged the countryside, and the exploited former landowners were left to live off welfare in a vast wasteland. The people are mostly illiterate. They group together to protect themselves. It is not uncommon for a man to run a "foreigner" off his property with a gun.

Hugh O'Connor was driving along a country road in Letcher County (near Harlan County) when he noticed a series of beat up old houses and some black folks. He stopped to talk and to ask permission to film them. Release forms were signed and a \$10 token payment was settled with each individual involved. (\$10 probably equalled one month's rent.) The crew set up its camera and began shooting. Everything went smoothly and at the end of the afternoon, the crew began to pack up.

As they were loading the equipment into their station wagon, a lady appeared and said that the man who owned the property was angry about their presence and was coming to throw them off his land. The crew continued to load the car.

Suddenly an old man drove up yelling "Get off my property," waving a .38 revolver. Hugh O'Connor, carrying a battery over his shoulder, was crossing the highway. The old man fired. One shot went over the camera, one went into the camera, the other hit Hugh O'Connor in the chest. He was killed instantly.

Whether O'Connor was the victim of an accident — a victim of chance remains to be seen. Hobart Ison, the old man, was eventually sentenced to 10 years in jail. The theories concerning the incident are many.

In his book *Night Comes to the Cumberlands: A Biography of a Depressed Area*, Harry M. Caudill explains, "... a million Americans in the Southern Appalachians live today in conditions of squalor, ignorance and ill health... the 1960 census disclosed that 19 percent of the adult population can neither read nor write... the mountaineer can present no enigma to a world which is interested enough to look with sympathy into the forces which have made him... the nation... cannot afford to leave huge islands of its own population behind..."

Lois Siegel writes, photographs, teaches and makes experimental films in Montreal. She attended university in Appalachia during the 1960's.

Perhaps the old man thought the filmmakers were really surveyors for strip-mining or perhaps he thought they were a CBS crew. It is possible that other filmmakers had once taken advantage of these same country people.

The motivation for the crime was never clear.

Calvin Trillin, in his article about the incident. — "U.S. Journal: Jeremiah, Kentucky — A Stranger with a Camera" writes, "despite an accurate story in the county paper, many of them (mountain people) instinctively believed that the mountaineer who killed Hugh O'Connor was protecting his

property from smart-aleck outsiders who would not leave when they were told." Because of the local attitude, it was impossible to settle on a jury. A change of venue was agreed upon and Harlan County became the site of the trial. (Note: film entitled **Harlan County U.S.A.** by Barbara Kopple).

Caudill, a lawyer, was retained by Francis Thompson, Incorporated. Daniel Boon Smith was commonwealth attorney for Harlan County. According to Trillin's article in the *New Yorker* magazine, "Smith got curious about how many people he had prosecuted or defended for murder, and counted up 750." Smith: "We got people in this county today who would kill you as quick as look at you... but most of 'em are the type that don't bother you if you leave them alone."

Caudill summarizes his feelings about the film crew, "They just happened to pick the wrong place."

A camera can be a threat to people who are unfamiliar with such devices. And any filmmaker at some point has to question himself regarding the invasion of privacy.

Colin Low of The National Film Board explains the NFB's policy: "It is the tradition of the Board to get permission before doing something. We try to make people understand the full implications of their involvement and what their appearance will mean in the film. There is an enormous amount of exploitation in film. People become naively involved. They are flattered to be asked to be filmed and they don't understand how they will appear. The more people are exploited, the more wary they are of the camera. There are places in Canada where if you pulled out a camera you would be stoned because CBC was there previously, and the people want nothing more to do with film crews. If you don't



Hugh O'Connor (left) "became a victim of circumstances"

CinéMag

In July, no. 19:

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have the time and money to approach people in a responsible way, then you shouldn't do it — for your own well-being and for the well-being of others who are trying to be responsible.

"The event with Hugh confirmed my conviction that community participation is essential to a good documentary. The National Film Board has been very lucky. It has had only one serious accident in 40 years, an aerial mishap involving a glider. Hugh O'Connor was not working for the NFB at the time he was killed," Low stated.

"I've seen cameramen use cameras as if they were some kind of protection from the world. They are under the illusion that once they are looking through a camera that it is not the real world out there."

1971. A Canadian production. A fur coat storage factory. An electrician places some big lights under a sprinkler system. The lights get hot, and the heat from the lamps is too close to the sprinkler system. Reaction: melt down — the electrical syndrome. The sprinklers go off. Damage to the fur coats about \$80,000. The insurance company pays. No one is very happy.

Apparently the electrician had been cautioned ahead of time, but he had disregarded the warning, thus an accident occurs due to negligence.

1976. A Canadian production. Low budget feature. Someone ties into the electrical system. Every light in the house goes out. Every light within 6 square blocks goes out. No one in the neighborhood is very happy.

J. J. Parent, head of the electrical department of The National Film Board explains, "People who have no notion of electricity shouldn't be playing with it. A film electrician uses a lot of power not normally used in a house. The wiring in old houses is not arranged for heavy use."

A licensed electrician is one who has a certificate from the province. He has attended a technical school and has spent a minimum of 4 years working as an apprentice in the field. He has also passed an exam. Then the electrician who wants to work in cinema has to learn about the film industry — which is completely different from working on construction, for example.

A film electrician will spend a year just learning lighting. Someone can go out and buy a light meter and tell you they are qualified to light a set, but when you try them on location, you may have problems," J. J. warns.

Fire is a definite consideration. "It's important to know if you have enough power to work with — without damaging the location or burning the house down." Today there are new lights "HMI" — high intensity which save on power and give a better quality of light. But not all accidents occur from misjudgment. Some are purely mechanical — something breaks down while in use.

"No schools will teach you experience. You will learn more by working with the equipment itself. One needs a practical school of cinema."

Since filming often requires considerable power an electrician needs to tie-into the electrical system to provide electricity for the lights. Tying-in can be very dangerous if,

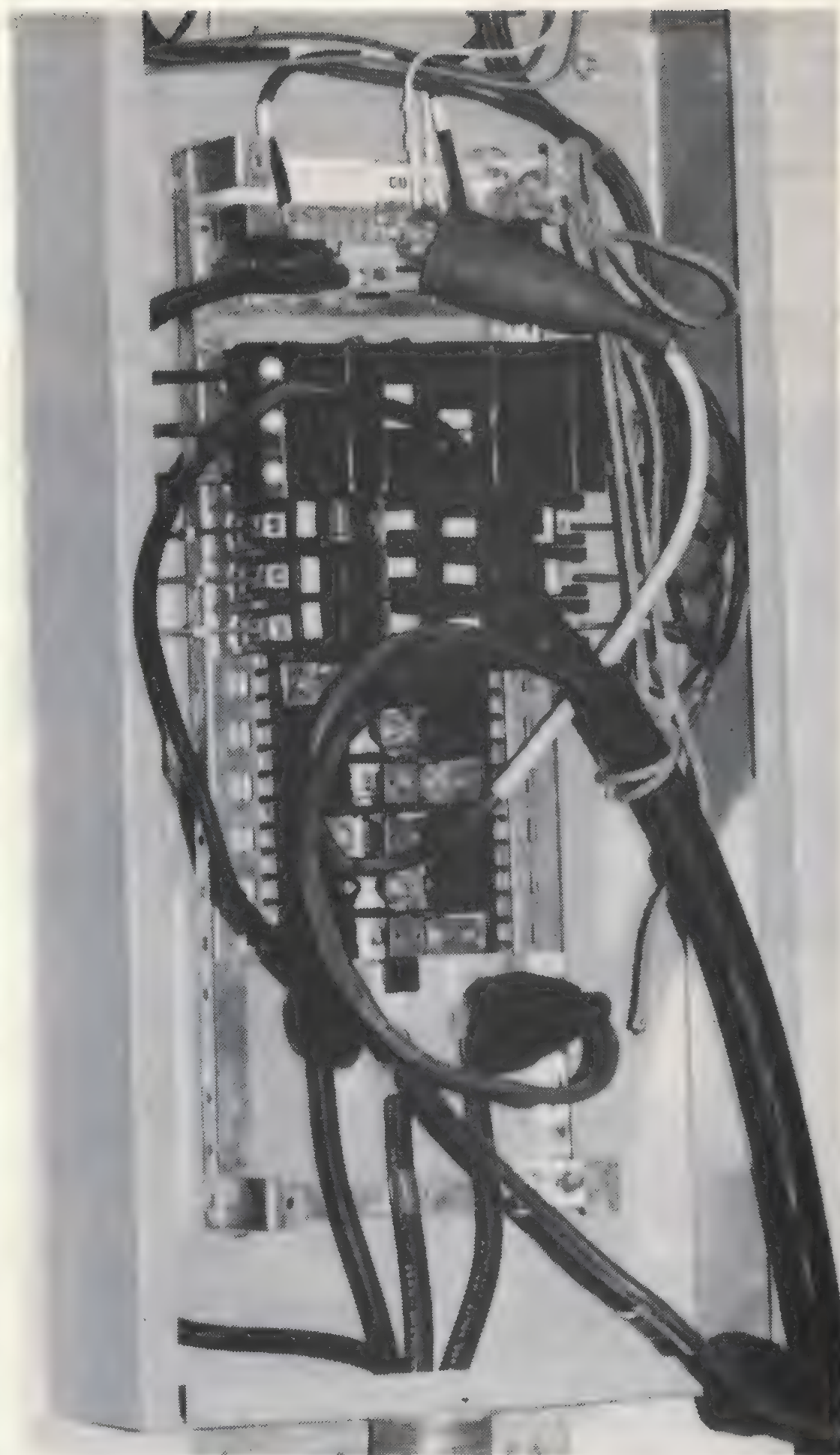


photo: Lois Siegel

For the inexperienced, "tying-in can be very dangerous"

for example, an inexperienced person tries his hand at it.

Concordia University's Cinema Program at Sir George Williams Campus hires unionized electricians to tie-in on student productions. Other schools that do not maintain this same policy might be wise to do the same.

Filmmakers often slip into the delusion that they are somehow protected by some intangible force.

The Hollywood glow of "lights, camera, action" may stimulate the feeling of omnipotence, but man is not infallible nor is his equipment.

In filmmaking, as in other activities, nothing is guaranteed. Inattention, poor communication, excessive worries, unpredictable circumstances and carelessness all constitute inherent danger. Hubris befell Sisyphus. One can never be too careful. Whether a professional filmmaker or an amateur, the rules are the same, if you make the wrong connection — something is going to explode.

One wonders about the bullfighter who risks his life for glory. One should consider that filmmaking can also be a very lethal sport. □

MIP-TV

programming the world



photo: John Williamson

It may be a rude awakening for many production people when they first discover that films made must also be sold. But Susan Gabori, who went to MIP-TV wearing a sellers blue badge, quickly learned the ropes and joined in the television-film market which grossed \$30 million.

by susan gabori

I personally had never heard of MIP-TV till this year, even though I have been involved in the making of film and television programs on a number of levels. I am very familiar with the agony of choosing the right angle. I have sat through excruciating decisions at the fine cut stage, trying to hone down the seconds to fit the slots. But I have seldom concerned myself with what happens to the film after the first good answer print. I am usually too busy going on to the next project. Therefore, when a friend, Max Engel, of Media Lab TV, a Canadian distribution company, asked me to help him out at MIP, I was presented with a rare opportunity to catch a glimpse of the other side of this business, the side that most of us "creative" people view as crass commercialism.

Susan Gabori is a filmmaker and writer now living in Toronto. She has studied film in London, England and has worked at the National Film Board as a free-lance cameraperson. She is presently writing a science-fiction book.

A sampling of the daily press from the MIP-TV market

MIP-TV takes place in Cannes two weeks before the International Film Festival. The difference in name quickly reveals the real difference between the two events. MIP-TV, *Marché International des Programmes de Télévision*, is a market place, not a festival. It is the biggest and most important international event for the buying and selling of TV programs. Its purpose is purely monetary; at the end of its seven day run it was proudly announced that over \$30 million worth of business had been conducted. Its snowballing success over the past fifteen years is indicative of a global sprouting of TV antennas.

From April 20-26 the Palais, with its sprawling five floors, was crammed with the booths of 230 TV organizations and 600 independent companies, tons of promotional material and nervous sweat. In the hope of arresting the attention of all passers-by, some of the companies had a video monitor boasting their best product in front of their booth. You could see belly dancers, trapeze acts, magic shows, Marie Osmond and many more just by walking down the corridor. Others lured in the buyers with offers of free "goodies" -- umbrellas, beach bags, note pads, pens, cups, stuffed bunnies, alka seltzer, etc. After a buyer had stocked up on a pen for himself and ten for his children, he could hardly leave without viewing at least a few minutes of a show.

Media Lab TV was part of the Ontario Distributors Group which included eight other independent companies. We all shared a large reception area and four screening rooms. Most of my time was spent inside one of these screening rooms; an 8x8 plywood box lined with black felt and containing a video cassette machine, masses of promotional material and sample cassettes. On the first day, as I was trying to make a cozy nest out of our black space, I received my instructions: watch out for red badges. Color coded badges identified the purpose of each person's presence. The red badges were the buyers. I had a blue one, marking me as a seller. In the beginning I was rather shy about approaching these important red badges. After the second day I only saw red. As soon as someone neared our booth my eyes were rivetted to their lapel. I knew the name, company and country of origin before I even saw the face. England, Italy, France, Australia and other major countries gave me a rush. Countries like Yugoslavia and Hungary left me cold. I was told they did not pay enough and took forever to make a decision.

I quickly learned to spot a good buyer. He would come in and state exactly the kind of program he was looking for. I slipped on the best cassette of the requested series and started it where it had been left off from the previous time. He would not want to waste time by going back to the beginning. A minute here, then fast forward, and a minute there. That was enough for him to determine whether he wanted the whole series or not. Most of the buyers prefer to buy a series of 13, 26, etc., rather than specials or one shot deals. This is particularly true for the South American countries that do not produce much of their own but rely on imports to fill up their air time. It is easier to program in a block ahead of time than to try to place a special here and a special there. Buying in bulk means less work for the distributor, buyer and programmer.

By the third day I was so tuned into who was a serious buyer and who was not that I began to suspect anyone who wanted to see more than five minutes of a show. No serious buyer his time to look at the whole show. (One time I actually heard Max sell a show solely on a verbal description.) One afternoon a Yugoslav with a red badge came in and asked to see "Aston-

ishing Odyssey," a sound and light show with Michel Legrand conducting the orchestra. He sat down, stretched out his legs comfortably and wanted me to start the tape at the beginning. My suspicions were aroused. Two minutes into the show he asked me to close the door because there was too much noise outside; he didn't seem to notice the heat inside. I suggested going fast forward to give him a better idea of the show later on. Without looking at me he put up his hand in protest and settled deeper into his chair. I became edgy and stepped outside to see what was going on. A German buyer was waiting in the hall. I returned to the Yugoslav who was thoroughly enjoying himself. I once more asked him if he wanted me to go fast forward, after all, he wouldn't want to waste his time seeing the whole show. He said, no, of course not, but continued to watch and motioned me to keep quiet. I finally asked him if he was interested in buying it. He apologized and explained that the decision was not up to him. He had to present the show before a committee back home. I gave him a brochure and the company card, and as I was about to ask him for his he abruptly got up, shook my hand and left. I was stunned.

Besides the buyers who are representing TV stations, there are also agents who come and view the shows. The agents are middlemen between the distributor and the TV stations of the countries he is representing. Often it is easier for a distributor to deal through an agent than to try to make the contact himself. It takes time to understand the culture and customs of the country one is dealing with. For instance, Viscotel International, a London based company, sells to Nigeria as a representative for a number of companies around the world. It has taken them years to establish their contacts and to understand the mentality of the people living there. One of their stories involves the sale of "Black Beauty" to a Nigerian station. After receiving the film, the station head angrily called up to complain that he had been delivered the wrong product. Victor Ramagge checked his files and said, no, that couldn't be. He was asked to go over to the station. Upon arrival he was led into the screening room by the station head who pointed to the projected image and indignantly declared, "Look, this is a show about a horse. I expected to see a movie about a black woman."

A good distributor must know what the different requirements are of the different countries. More specifically, he has to know which stations are looking for which shows. You cannot sell Saudi Arabia a show which has scantily dressed show girls. This year France might be looking for animal shows whereas in the past three years they haven't even bothered to read your promotional material on anything dealing with animals. Or, this year a station in England has decided to buy a series of music shows, though up to now they have always produced their own. It often takes years for a distributor to build up contracts in order to be able to obtain this sort of information, in order to be plugged into the TV grapevine.

For a producer to try to sell his own product at a place like MIP must be one of the most painful experiences, particularly for a producer of documentary shows. Media Lab TV was distributing the Canadian-made science magazine show **What Will They Think of Next?**. Some of the buyers didn't want the whole series. They only wanted some of the shows, but they didn't want everything in each show. They wanted the right to re-edit them to suit their needs. Sure, no problem. The important thing is to make the sale.

ML-TV picked up the rights to a series of 110 Japanese

underwater documentary shows called **The Mysteries of the Indigo Depths**. To start with, I could not believe anyone would mass produce a documentary series. Each show had already been edited with a voice-over English narration. After procuring the rights, Max wondered who on earth would want to watch 110 half-hours of fish, no matter how interesting it might be. He decided to take all the shows, give them to a Canadian-based company and have them re-edited using the best footage, to make 39 half-hours. The original director was now totally out of the picture. I was shocked to realize how little the director's work was considered.

My second awakening came while having lunch with the person who had put up the money for the production of the shows and who was now handing them over to Max. I had been screening his demo reel to interested buyers that morning and I enthusiastically began to describe the sequence which attracted the most attention: a slow, unsuspecting octopus being vehemently attacked and strangled by a strange looking fish. As I was talking I realized that behind his polite nodding there was a blank look. I went on to describe another scene, more enthusiastically, only to be met by the same polite blank look. I stopped in mid-sentence and asked him if he had seen any of the shows. He burst out laughing and shook his head.

You quickly get a feel for what most of the buyers are looking for: commercial products, that's where the money is. They're not interested in "esoteric rubbish," they cater to a middle of the road taste, and the middle of the road taste exists in all countries. I was told that a Belgium company had been coming to MIP for the past three years, trying to sell a film it had produced. It is called **Heureux comme un bébé dans l'eau**. It is a 48 minute film about the natural birth of a baby, inspired by the theories of Dr. Leboyer. I caught a few seconds

of it as it was being screened next door. I saw a wrinkled, bloody baby emerging from the vagina. It was gently placed in a tub of water. Then I had to dash off to my own booth and stick on a cassette of **Et Ca Tourne**, a disco show made by Télé Métropole. Victor Ramagge had already sat down with three Nigerians. I expertly zipped fast forward to the Village People strutting their stuff before the camera, a few seconds of that and then fast forward again to the dance contest. I felt their excitement in the small sweaty cube, I saw them tapping their feet to the rhythm of the music. I told them how this disco show was different from all the other disco shows because you can really see the people dance, the camera doesn't flit from one obscure close-up to an equally obscure long shot. The kids can watch the show and learn the steps in their own bedroom, living room or wherever the TV had its place of honor in the house. They can practice along with the show and then go out that night and DO IT. They are only half-listening, they are too absorbed in the dancing. The show is sold, they want all 26 half-hours and I think glibly to myself, how can an under-exposed, wrinkled baby compete with such dynamic material, with such energy.

This business is about money, money, money. Phrases like cultural exchange do not have a high premium on the premises of the Palais. As a matter of fact, cultural *unity*, the frame of reference being set by the American shows, is more in line with the needs of this event.

After all the excitement had died down, an uneasy question surfaced in my mind: in this shrinking world of satellites and cross-bred entertainment, who wields the power over the world's leisure time? Who is the Big Decision Maker: the buyer, the seller, or the public? How much influence can a director or producer hope to have? □

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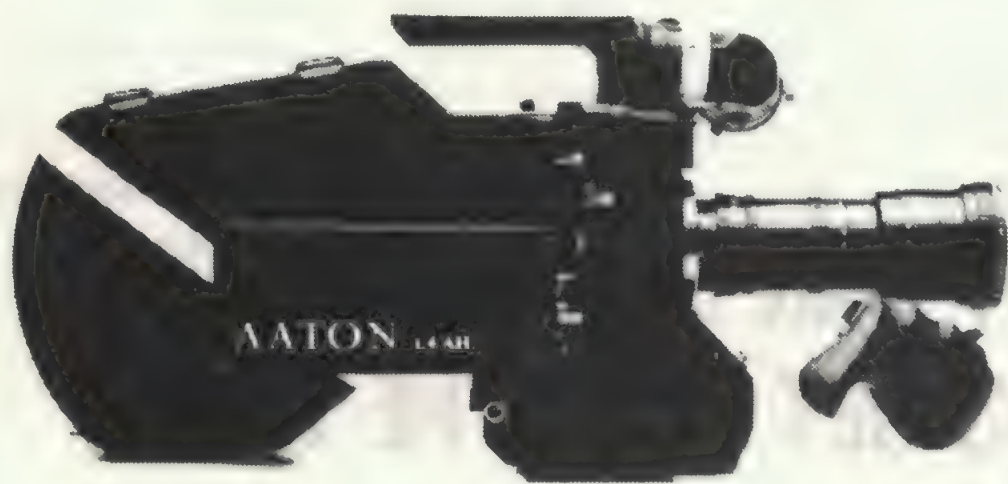
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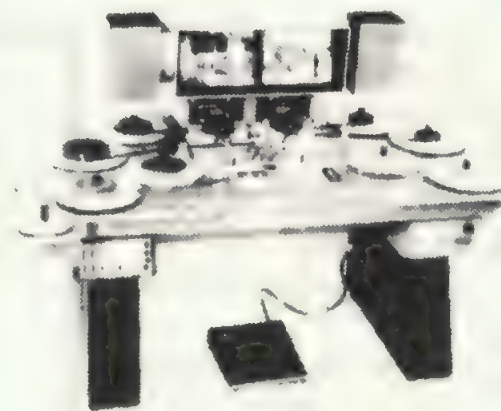


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TECH NEWS

CAMERA TYPE TELECINES no. 2 in a series of 10

by rodger j. ross

The following is the second in a series of articles written by Rodger J. Ross for Cinema Canada about film post-production on videotape. It was first printed — and badly so — in issue no. 54 of the magazine under the title "Vidicon Cameras for Telecine Service." Not only was the title misleading, several of the paragraphs were out of order, rendering the article incoherent. Cinema Canada reprints the article in this issue with our apologies to Mr. Ross for the errors in issue no. 54.

The third article in the series, "Flying Spot Scanners: Film Post-Production on Videotape," was printed in issue no. 55; the fourth of the series, "Making Recordings on Videotape" also appears in this issue of Cinema Canada.

FILM POST-PRODUCTION ON VIDEOTAPE — Second in a Series

Camera-Type Telecines.

By far the most popular method for reproducing films and slides in North American television is the multiplexed camera-type telecine chain. Usually, telecine chains consist of two 16mm. projectors and a slide projector optically multiplexed into a television camera. As a rule, the film projectors are mounted at right angles to the right and left of the multiplexer, while the slide projector "looks" directly through the optical system into the camera. Moveable mirrors in the multiplexer can be shifted by remote control from a production coordinating studio, directing the light beam from any one of the projectors into the camera. These

telecine facilities are designed to give continuous uninterrupted output over long periods of time.

In one quite common multiplexer model two mirrors 90 deg. apart are mounted on a vertical shaft and driven by air pistons. With film running in both projectors and the mirrors set to direct the light beam from one of the projectors into the camera, depressing the remote control button for the other projector shifts the mirror assembly in a fraction of a second to its new position. This cuts off the light from the first projector and directs the light beam from the other projector into the camera, producing an effect similar to a straight cut (splice) between two scenes. When a third button is pressed the mirror assembly shifts into a position where both film projector light beams are cut off, and only the light beam from the slide projector can enter the camera.

Remote control buttons are provided also to start and stop the film projectors. In some telecine installations projectors can be stopped automatically at the end of a program sequence by a patch of magnetic foil attached to the edge of the film. Slide projectors for telecine service are usually fitted with two drums or carousels to enable slides to be shown in a continuous sequence without dark periods between successive slides. This is accomplished by projecting the first slide in a sequence from one drum, and then, when the "slide change"

button is depressed, the next slide in the sequence is projected from the other drum. The change-over from one slide to the next usually appears as a rapid dissolve rather than a straight cut.

Vidicon Cameras for Telecine Service.

Most telecine chains in broadcasting stations utilize vidicon cameras for generating color video signals from films and slides. A color telecine camera consists in reality of three separate camera units, each fitted with a vidicon tube, to produce separate red, green and blue signal outputs. These units are located on adjustable mountings in a common enclosure containing also the filter and mirror or prism assemblies for color separation. Surrounding each tube are sets of alignment, focus and deflection coils to control the scanning action of the electron beam.

The optical system in a telecine chain is quite complex. Two factors complicating the design are the long optical path between the projector gates and the face plates of the vidicon tubes — 30 to 40 ins. or more in some layouts — and the small size of the useful photo-area in the vidicon tubes. To achieve a magnification ratio of approximately 1:1 for 16mm. film images, a common practise is to utilize a large field lens at the entrance port of the camera. The film and slide

*Long time Supervisor of Technical Film Operations at the programming centre of the CBC, Mr. Ross is the author of two books, *Television Film Engineering* and *Color Film for Color Television*, has won the Agfa-Gevaert Gold Medal awarded by the Society of Motion Picture and Television Engineers, and is presently Chairman of the SMPTE Board of Editors.*

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projectors produce aerial images at the plane of the field lens, and these images are then focused sharply at the face plates of the vidicon tubes. The light beam entering the camera from a projector is split into red, green and blue components by dichroic filters, and these three colored beams are then reflected off front-surfaced mirrors to the corresponding vidicon tubes.

Color Registration.

The scanning patterns produced in the vidicon tubes must be exactly the same size and shape, and must be exactly registered at the camera output to give television pictures free from colored fringes. This is an additive system in which red, green and blue images are superimposed to produce all the other colors of which the system is capable. The Society of Motion Picture and Television Engineers makes available several test patterns in 35 and 16mm. film and 2x2 slide formats for the alignment of telecine equipment. Among these is a deflection linearity pattern. This pattern is utilized together with an electronically generated grating to obtain exactly matching images from the three vidicon tubes.

An alignment and resolution test pattern is also available from SMPTE, consisting of a target defining the portion of the projected image frame to be reproduced in the television system, and useful also for accurate alignment of the telecine projectors with the camera, as well as for adjusting optical and electronic focus. The "barber pole" border around this pattern enables adjustments to be made in the scanned area, and groups of vertical and horizontal lines in converging patterns provide a critical test for focus.

Picture Gray Scale and Color Reproduction.

The color television system as we know it today in North America was

developed in the USA in 1953 by the National Television Systems Committee, from which the designation "NTSC" derives. A basic consideration in this system is what might be termed "neutral balance." This means that a properly aligned telecine chain should give a neutral (colorless) picture from a gray scale, as well as from black-and-white films or slides.

Eastman Kodak Co. produces a gray scale telecine test slide 3 1/4 ins. in size designed to be inserted at the field lens position. During alignment of the camera, the slide is illuminated by running one of the projectors with open gate. At the camera control console, it should be possible to display the outputs of the three camera tubes side-by-side on a waveform monitor. Depending on the color of the projector light source, the settings of the camera controls at the time and various other factors, the three waveform displays may not have the same amplitudes at peak white.

This would indicate that the combined outputs will not produce a neutral television picture. After the camera controls have been adjusted to make the three waveforms match, the two remaining projectors can be checked by turning on their light sources and making the necessary adjustments to produce matched waveforms in each case. This might be done by altering projector lamp voltages or lens apertures, or by inserting filters (neutral density or color) in the projector light beams.

A Canadian company, D. & S. Corley Ltd. of Toronto, also produces gray scales and a number of other test patterns for telecine camera alignment. Among these patterns is a set of six vertical colour bars for checking the performance of color reproducing systems.

Picture Monitor Alignment.

To obtain a television picture in color the combined output signals

from the telecine camera are carried by a cable to a television picture monitor. A picture monitor is a high quality and much more costly television receiver that is utilized by television stations and program production companies to evaluate television picture quality.

The inner surface of the face of the color picture tube in monitors and receivers is coated with large numbers of tiny phosphor dots. Three different kinds of phosphor are used for these dots, to give red, green and blue light. At the base of the picture tube are three electron guns producing sharply defined electron beams made to sweep across the inner surface of the tube face by deflection coils. As the electron beams strike the phosphor dots, colored light is emitted. Close to the layer of phosphor dots, which are laid down on the glass surface in triads, there is a perforated metal screen that allows only one of the electron beams to strike the corresponding dots. Thus, the "red" electron beam, representing the red portions of the film images, strikes only the red phosphor dots, and the green and blue dots are excited in a similar manner. As the signals applied to the electron guns vary, the brightness of the colored dots increases and decreases, producing the color television pictures.

An essential part of the basic telecine alignment procedure is the adjustment of the controls of the picture monitor so as to reproduce the gray scale test slide as a neutral (colorless) pattern. Controls are available also in the monitor to vary picture brightness and contrast.

It is a common practise for television technicians to adjust monitor controls to give what is considered to be a visually acceptable picture. This set up method is adequate so long as the picture monitor is being utilized only for continuity and program switching purposes. But when a telecine is being used to transfer films and

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slides to videotape, the picture monitor should provide meaningful indications of the characteristics of the images being reproduced. For example, a film with a reddish color cast should produce television pictures that have a reddish appearance, and an excessively contrasty film should be reproduced with all detail in shadow areas clipped off. It is only in this way that the operator responsible for reproducing the films and slides can make the proper decisions as to what corrections are needed, so as to give a uniform, high quality picture output.

In a properly adjusted picture monitor the white screen at 100 units video level should be measured at approximately 30 foot lamberts, and its color temperature should be matched with a reference at D6500. Black level should be set with the brightness control at the point where the scanning lines disappear.

Operating a Camera-Type Telecine.

A well-maintained and properly adjusted camera-type telecine should give high quality color television pictures,

sharp, clear, well balanced and with an excellent range of color and gray scale values. The greatest care is needed, however, in the alignment of the equipment to make sure that pictures with the best possible quality are being obtained. SMPTE supplies subjective color reference films or slides that can be projected in a review room, and then reproduced in the telecine for comparison.

Most camera-type telecines available at the present time have been designed for automatic operation in what is sometimes termed the "hands-off" mode. The first step that must be taken in setting up a telecine for film post-production is to disable these controls, so that the chain will operate as a passive reproducer, producing television pictures that correspond as closely as possible with the color images in the films or slides.

Because designers have been so much preoccupied with giving broadcasters automated equipment requiring minimum attention, available telecines seldom have adequate flexibility for post production. At the very least,

the telecine should have color trim controls in addition to adjustable gain and black level. Most telecine cameras have some provision for electronic image enhancement to sharpen up the edges of picture details. Some telecines are supplied also with color masking and gamma correction circuits.

When a film is being reproduced, the operator cannot see what is on the film. The picture monitor shows only what is being taken off the film by the telecine. If these images are not acceptable or if it is considered that some improvement can be made in their appearance, the operator then adjusts the camera controls in whatever direction seems to be needed.

This method of picture reproduction has the advantage that the effects of any change in a camera control can be seen at once in the picture monitor display, and if the desired effect or picture change is not obtained, the control can be restored to its pre-set position as established during initial alignment. □

Making Recordings on Videotape no. 4 in a series of 10

by rodger j. ross

4. MAKING RECORDINGS ON VIDEOTAPE.

In the early days of television, film was used extensively to make kine-scope recordings of programs produced with live television cameras. But the picture quality obtainable when these recordings were played back in a telecine left a great deal to be desired. Extensive research was undertaken to find some way to record video signals on magnetic tape. At that time sound was being recorded successfully on 1/4-in. tape, but the frequency range in video signals – over 4 MHz as compared with 15 to 20 kHz – appeared to be an insurmountable problem.

Then in 1956 engineers at the Ampex Corp. in California announced that they had developed a workable system for recording television signals on magnetic tape 2 ins. in width by means of a high speed rotating head wheel. With this method narrow, closely spaced video tracks were recorded across the width of the tape as it was

drawn over the head wheel at the rate of 15 inches per second. Sound was recorded in a continuous track along one edge of the tape while a control track on the opposite edge was used for synchronization. Demonstrations of production models of the Ampex recorder showed that the pictures recovered from the tape in playback on the same machine were very nearly indistinguishable in side-by-side comparison with the original pictures from a live television camera.

To ensure interchangeability of recorded programs, the 2-in. videotape system with transverse tracing of video tracks by a rotating head wheel fitted with four recording heads was quickly adopted by the television industry as the professional recording standard. The designation, 2-in. quadruplex recording, was also adopted at an early stage. In short order almost every television station had at least one – and often several – of these recorders; according to a recent report over

4,000 were in use in North America alone.

Helical Scan Video Recording.

A new and quite different method of video recording developed by Japanese engineers was announced only a few years later. In this system the magnetic tape was wrapped around a large revolving drum containing a single recording head, the tape following a helical path from the feed to the takeup reel. As the tape was carried around the drum, long slanting continuous tracks were laid down on the tape.

This method of recording had several obvious advantages, the most important being greatly simplified machine construction and operation, and much lower cost. Soon, a great variety of helical scan or slant track recorders appeared on the market. Thousands of these machines have been acquired by business, industry and educational institutions for use in what might be

termed semi-professional applications. It was recognized at the outset that playback signal quality obtainable with helical scan recorders was not acceptable for television broadcasting. But for many other purposes the ability to make video recordings with moderately priced equipment was a major consideration and in most situations the deciding factor.

For several years fierce competition among manufacturers for the helical scan recorder market stood in the way of agreement on a common recording standard. A great variety of machine designs, some using tape only 1/4" wide, expanded the market tremendously, but made interchangeability ever more elusive.

When the U-Matic video cassette recorder using 3/4-in tape was put on the market by Sony Corp. in 1972 the price tag was only \$1,395, compared with \$100,000 for the Ampex AVR-1 quadruplex recorder. The Sony recorder had the additional advantage that it was portable. The demand for electronic newsgathering (ENG) facilities led to substantial improvements in these portable videocassette recorders, to the point where, in 1975, Sony could claim that truly professional electronic editing was possible and broadcasters were using these machines. This type of helical videocassette recording system was adopted as a television industry standard only last year, and designated Type A.

Professional 1-in. Video Recording Systems.

In 1976 a drive began to develop professional quality helical recorders using magnetic tape 1-in wide. The Ampex VPR-1 recorder, one of several similar makes now available, was designed to give broadcast quality playback, along with slow motion and freeze frame. This continuous field, non-segmented recording system was quickly adopted by the North American television networks, and has now been standardized as Type C. Bosch-Fernseh in West Germany has also developed a series of professional 1-in helical recorders with a two-head drum, producing segmented Type B recordings.

Facilities for Transferring Film to Videotape.

The primary recording standard for professional program production is still the 2-in. quadruplex format. A recording made on any quadruplex machine

can be played back successfully on any other machine operating in the 525-line, 30-frame NTSC television system. Type C 1-in. helical recorders are being adopted by the television industry and apparently tapes made on these machines can be successfully exchanged already. So far, Type B recorders are not often seen in North America. Successful interchange of Type A cassettes should be possible, but playback may not be acceptable for serious professional work. Among the great numbers of other makes and models of helical recorders in use around the country it may not be possible to play back recordings on any other machine, even on another machine of the same make and model.

Interchangeability is not the only factor that needs to be taken into account in selecting a recorder for making a film-to-tape transfer. Even more important is the ability of the system to reproduce video signals without significant amounts of degradation. Excessive noise may be introduced in picture playback. Acceptable picture steadiness may be difficult to achieve and maintain. The pictures may not have a perfectly sharp appearance. Partial picture break-ups may be so disturbing as to make a film transfer unuseable.

When arrangements are being made for a transfer, the filmmaker sometimes has little choice but to accept the equipment that has been made available for this work by the television station or production house. But it is always

very important to give careful consideration to the purpose for which the transfers are being made. It would not be advisable to put a great deal of time and effort into assembling a program on low cost, semi-professional recording equipment if the program is to be broadcast by a television station. It is true that Type A recorders are now being used extensively by stations for news (ENG) operations, but the quality of the recordings made with this type of equipment simply cannot be compared with a 2-in quadruplex recording.

Quite often, in assembling programs on videotape, it is necessary to make at least one re-recording (dub) from the original transfer — for example, to put in effects such as fades, dissolves and superimposed titles. Even with the very best quadruplex recording and playback system, some — although unnoticeable — losses always occur in re-recording, but excessive degradation may be encountered even in a first generation dub with some semi-professional recording equipment.

Electronic Editing Facilities.

In the assembly of some kinds of programs, a specially important consideration is the availability of adequate editing facilities. If the intention is to transfer many short sections of film to tape and then assemble these into a complete program on tape, it would be a good idea to first of all make sure the work can be done with the equipment assigned for the operation, and just as important, that the work can



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be completed within the scheduled time period. Costs per hour for film-to-tape transfer and program assembly with professional television facilities can be quite high. In some situations the facilities may be so heavily booked that run-overs to complete a transfer or assembly operation cannot be tolerated. (Editing alternatives will be the subject of the next article in this series.)

Making a Film-to-Tape Transfer.

To make a film-to-tape transfer, the film is run through a telecine, and the video and audio signals obtained from the film are recorded on a videotape machine. The basic procedure should be much the same whatever type of equipment is being utilized for the transfer operation. In a centre equipped with professional facilities a camera-type telecine or a flying spot scanner may be used to generate the signals.

The film to be transferred should be mounted on a reel with the standard SMPTE leader attached to the head end. Special care should always be taken to ensure that the film is in an absolutely spotless condition, free

from even the smallest particles of dust or dirt. Cable connections carry the signals from the telecine to the videotape recorder. In a television station the interconnections (for video and audio) are usually made through a production studio control centre. When the telecine and videotape recorder are located in different parts of the building, an intercom circuit enables all those involved in the operation to communicate with one another.

On a voice cue, or by pre-arrangement at a specified clock time, both machines are started. (Sometimes the machines can be started by remote control from the production studio. In that kind of a situation the operators of the telecine and videotape recording equipment only have to load the film and a roll of videotape on the machines and advise the production studio that the machines are ready to roll.)

As the film passes through the telecine projection gate and over the sound drum, video and audio signals are displayed on the monitoring devices (waveform monitor and VU meter) while the pictures appear on a

color picture monitor and the sound can be heard from a loudspeaker. The purpose of these monitoring facilities is to ensure that the video and audio signals being fed to the recorder conform with television industry standards and practices.

Alignment of the Videotape Recorder.

Prior to the start of a transfer session, the videotape recorder should be very carefully checked and aligned with a standard test tape. It is customary to record test signals, such as color bars, at the head end of the tape, in the leader section. When the recording is being played back on a different machine, at another time or location, the test signals recovered from the tape provide a quality assurance that the original pictures and sound from the film are being properly reproduced.

The normal practice in the operation of videotape equipment is to avoid as far as possible making any adjustments of machine controls during playback. This puts the onus for picture and sound quality on those responsible for making the original recordings. When the original recordings are being made that machine is checked and aligned with the test tape also, and the color bars recorded in the leader provide verification of recorder alignment. This in turn puts the onus on those at the sending end, feeding the signals into the recorder. In transferring films to videotape this responsibility falls on the telecine operator, and in the end, on those who made the films in the first place. Any adjustments needed to modify color picture appearance or correct for density variations in the films must be made at the telecine video control position. □

Next – Editing Alternatives.

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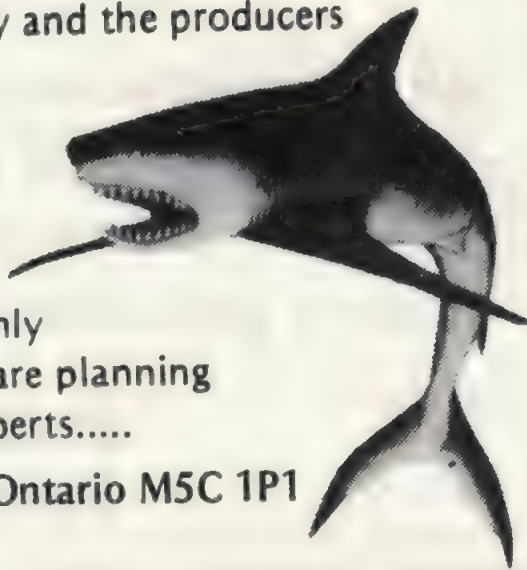
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A revised and updated edition of Arthur Knight's classical survey of movie history, **The Liveliest Art**, is now available in paperback. This consistently judicious and perceptive appraisal of the medium's evolution continues to receive deserved acceptance by all students of cinema (NAL/Mentor \$2.50).

In **Hitchcock: The First 44 Films**, French directors Eric Rohmer and Claude Chabrol analyze the career of the British master through "The Wrong Man" (1957), emphasizing his recurrent visual and story-telling motifs and the unity of his work (Ungar \$10.95/4.95).

Forsyth Hardy's **Grierson On Documentary** assembles basic writings by the pioneer of factual film in a most welcome paperback edition. Grierson's articulate advocacy and visionary zeal contributed an essential element in establishing the documentary genre as both a reflection and a stimulant of social change (Faber \$5.95).

An informative French study of Chinese film from 1905 to 1949 (when the People's Republic of China was established), **Le cinéma chinois** by Régis Bergeron covers its progress with a wealth of details concerning films and personalities and a perceptive understanding of its ideological evolution. This is an illuminating book, rich in human values and scholarly research (Le Phénix, Paris, F36).

In **Film in Sweden: Ingmar Bergman and Society**, Maria Bergom-Larsson provides a penetrating analysis of the relationship between Bergman's films and his family background, his straight-laced Lutheran upbringing and his patriarchal attitude toward

women (Barnes \$7.95).

Noël Burch, a leading French film theoretician of the constructivist/semiotic school, contributes a stimulatingly erudite study of form and meaning in the Japanese cinema, **To the Distant Observer**. His correlation of the country's culture and history to its films, particularly of the 1917-45 period, emphasizes the uniqueness and originality of their concepts (U. of California Press \$19.50).

Well researched and extensively documented, Mel Schuster's **The Contemporary Greek Cinema** surveys Greece's movie establishment, its films and leading personalities. Political and economic upheavals that rocked the industry are knowledgeably discussed, bringing much original information on a little known area of European cinema (Scarecrow \$15).

Reference and Research

In the revised and updated edition of **Visionary Film**, P. Adams Sitney brings his classical study of American avant-garde cinema up to 1978. Sitney's familiarity with and understanding of the many aspects of experimental film provide a guideline for an exciting journey among filmmakers with a gift for highly individual forms of cinematic expression (Oxford U. Press \$17.95/5.95).

Eastman Kodak's sturdy and serviceable pocket-size booklet, **Cinematographer's Field Guide**, contains concise and specific information on film and filters, usage hints, film packaging, and ordering. Each section carries technical and practical information described in brief but comprehensive terms, complete with tables of specifications and other relevant data (Booklet H-2, \$3.95).

In **Lighting for Location Motion Pictures**, Alan J. Ritsko examines in substantial detail the indoor location shooting requirements of director of photography, lighting director, camera man and gaffer. This is a highly useful volume, well illustrated, covering all types of production in expert descriptions of the jobs (Van Nostrand Reinhold \$16.95).

Some 8,000 English-language feature films and feature-length TV movies are included in **Halliwell's Film Guide**. Dealing with a 50-year period, this massive volume compiled by Leslie Halliwell provides production data for each film, plus a brief synopsis, occa-

sional critical reviews and an equitable rating system (Scribners \$24.95).

In **Film News Omnibus** (Vol. 2), editor/publisher Rohama Lee has assembled reviews of more than 400 16 mm. films originally published in her magazine over the last 3 years. Documentary features and shorts are expertly reviewed by a group of professional critics, providing data on distribution and offering exceptional reference source material for the classroom and the community (Film News, 250 W. 57 St., NYC 10019; \$17.50 or \$15 if remittance is enclosed with order).

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Prof. Jack C. Ellis, in **History of Film**, combines factual information with a stimulating personal interpretation of the movies' evolution. The result is a scholarly yet highly readable text, with sharp insights into an historic process (Prentice-Hall \$11.95).

Over 5,000 publications (books, monographs, dissertations) have been gathered, categorized, cross-indexed in many cases, annotated by Jack C. Ellis, Charles Derry and Sharon Kern in **Film Book Bibliography 1940-1975**. This is a dependable research tool on the literature of film (Scarecrow \$28.50).

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Writer-producer Syd Field provides in **Screenplay** an approach based on his own experience, discussing the basics of the craft in terms simple enough to enable beginners to develop an idea into a submittable script (Delta \$4.95).

In **Film Art: An Introduction**, David Bordwell and Kristin Thompson consider, in a sensitive and discerning way, the esthetics of cinema creativity in their total impact on the audience (Addison-Wesley \$10.95). □

Academy Award winning George L. George is a film director who does film book reviews in Canada, France and the U.S.

FILM REVIEWS

John Kramer's Has Anybody Here Seen Canada?

d. John Kramer, sc. Donald Brittain, ph. Douglas Kiefer, asst. ph. David Devolphi, Andreas Toulsson, animation. Meilan Lam, ed. John Kramer, re-recording Jean-Pierre Joutel, Adrian Croll, sd. ed. Abbey Neidik, sd. rec. Raymond Maroux, addit. sd. rec. Michel Hazel, prod. & edit. asst. Donna Dudinsky, m. Don Douglas, narr. Michael Kane, research Piers Handling, Maynard Collins, Pierre Véronneau, Kirwan Cox, exec. p. Arthur Hammond, p. Kirwan Cox, Mike McKennirey, unit mngr. Janet Preston, p.c. The National Film Board & The Canadian Broadcasting Company in association with The Great Canadian Moving Picture Company, (year) 1978, col. 16mm, running time 84 minutes.

"Wonderful country, Canada," the American enthuses.

"You get used to it," is the Canadian's sarcastic reply.

That's the first chuckle in *Has Anybody Here Seen Canada?*, the joint NFB-CBC kaleidoscopic panorama of Canadian films from 1939 to 1953, now being distributed by the NFB after its April television debut.

Director John Kramer and writer Donald Brittain continue to evoke laughs, at times self-conscious ones, as they parade the Canadian past in film across the screen for 90 minutes. It is like entering a time machine, to be whisked back through the cultural past to a time which over half the present population never knew. That itself makes the experience exhilarating.

The film's purpose is more than just a trip down memory lane. The title derives from a mythical director's question on a Hollywood set as he sought clarification about a Canadian subject for his film. It was not necessary to go to Canada, for generally someone had been there and could help him out. The point is that the outsider was creating Canadian myths with almost no knowledge of his subject. Canadians, with no feature film industry of their own, were content to see themselves through the eyes of big brother. Since mythmaking was not the Canadian way, theirs was Hollywood's Canada.



The cameraman of the Canadian Government Motion Picture Bureau, the forerunner of the National Film Board

By the forties, Aunt Emma's thrill of seeing her first live Mountie and Roy Rogers singing about Canada's landscape to Trigger and Bullet were the baneful legacies Hollywood was imprinting upon the consciousness of millions. For decades Canadians and a world of filmgoers laughed at and paid to see this idiocy.

But not all outsiders emasculated the national self-image. In 1939 a different group of mythmakers had arrived to teach the youthful dominion how to recognize the essential qualities that make a diffuse population feel like a nation. Some forward looking politicians had invited documentary pioneer John Grierson from Britain to present a more realistic image of this country, especially on the international scene.

Prime Minister Mackenzie King, whom we see hopelessly inept before a camera, desperately needed some cosmetic. But Grierson and his brilliant team of propagandists had come on a mission, to transplant the documentary idea, to coax a reluctant North America into the world war and to crush the scourge of fascist aggression and racist poison. Art, Grierson had said, had to be used as a hammer. He created the National Film Board of Canada to drive home the political message.

So, from 1939 to 1945, under the dynamic Scotsman's guidance, Canada became world renown for its 20 minute theatrical shorts, propaganda which was not nationalist but internationalist in tone. Film producer Tom Daly has described the period as one in which there was little place for budding

auteurs. "Grierson often told us young Canadians 'You are not at it for your own blue eyes.' Ours was always a sense of working as a team." There were no credits given in wartime Canadian films and their messages promised a brave new postwar world. They insisted that Canada see itself in a world context and feel part of the titanic battle of the century between good and evil.

Grierson's chief lieutenant, Stuart Legg, describes how the NFB propagandists felt as they played a deadly chess match against Nazi propaganda chief Joseph Goebbels. We understand why, for moral reasons, the disastrous Dieppe raid was covered up nearly a year, then sandwiched between trivia about a Canadian Division's washing machine and troops playing soccer.

Unfortunately the film does not spend enough time describing just how NFB propaganda technique worked. Director Kramer wishes he could have devoted more time to this but the subject is so vast, it needs a whole film itself. The brief sequences from the Academy Award winning *Churchill's Island* demonstrate how rapid film cutting, integrated with Lorne Greene's booming narration and Lucio Agostini's stirring music set a pace which left the viewer nearly breathless.

The subject of the Soviet Union as wartime ally caused the Film Board more grief than was ever anticipated. The word communism was never once used in propaganda and the focus was consistently upon the brave spirit of the Russian people. 'All for one, one for all' was as close as the propagandists came to

interpreting Soviet ideology, which is to say, never. As Legg reasons in the film, Russia was an ally of enormous importance in holding off the main German forces for several years from Western Europe. "We might not approve of their politics," he explains, "but we approved of their soldiery." So the NFB propagandists hailed the individual Soviet citizen as being fundamentally the same as his Canadian counterpart.

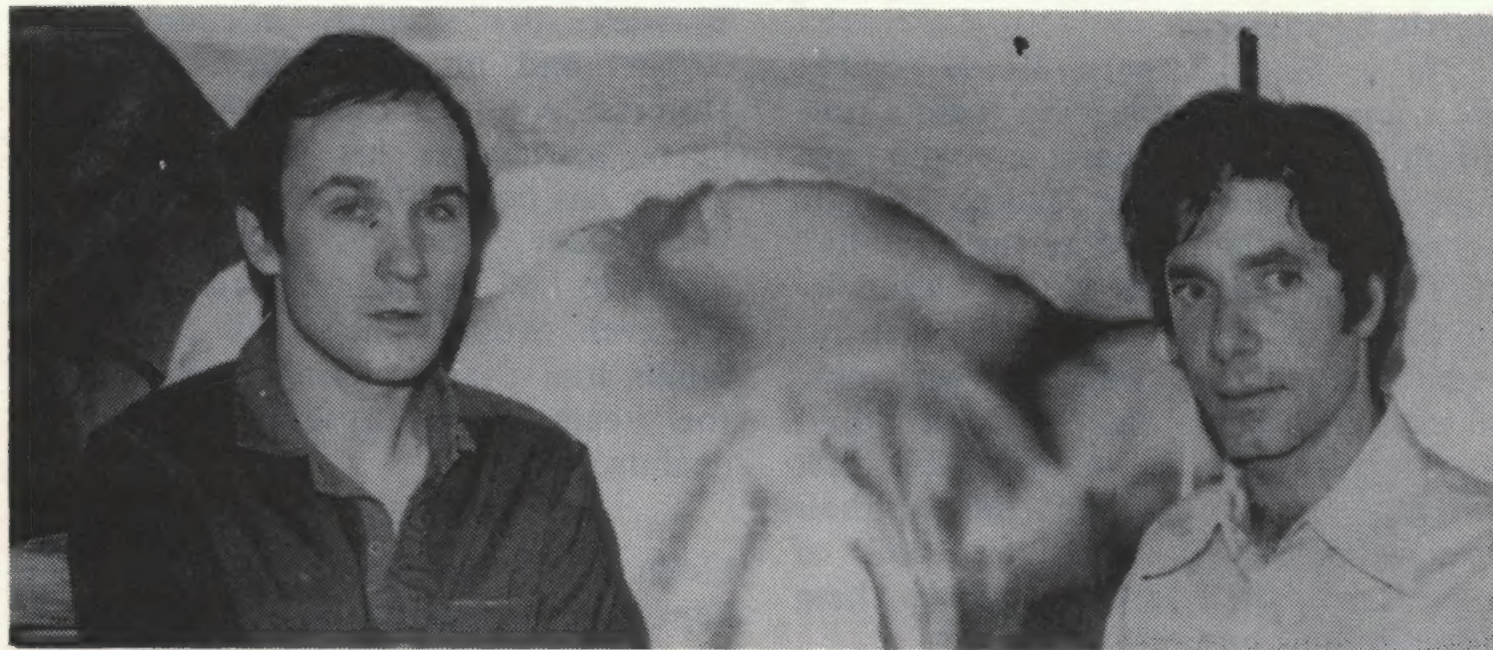
This was enough for closed, petty, anti-Semitic political hacks like Leo Dolan to seize the opportunity to smear the Board as suspect and in need of investigation. His shameful remarks to Ontario Premier Mitch Hepburn indicate how some smalltime Canadian politicians could never grasp the vision of a brave new world of international co-operation that the NFB propagandists were welding to Canadian minds. With the end of the war, the Government of Canada decided to cast its lot with the cold warriors who preferred national rivalries to peaceful internationalism. The era of 'political' filmmaking ended with the infamous Gouzenko spy scandal and its far-flung nets of guilt by association.

From 1946 the only feature film industry in Canada which flourished was that of Quebec. Hollywood could not bridge the language barrier, so it left Quebec alone. Thus the Church and Province worked hand in hand to mythologize a love of the land and in the long tradition of propaganda, to propagate the faith. The films of Quebec gave that lucky people the cultural breathing space that English Canada has never enjoyed. Seeing a number of Quebec film clips, the English Canadian realizes that he always has been the invisible man in feature films. As Britain puts it caustically, there were no Canadian heroes, no lovers, no clowns, not even villains. And few seemed to notice or care.

There would be no feature film industry developing in postwar English Canada because Hollywood had a connection in Ottawa — the Government of Canada. The ill-fated Canadian Cooperation Project convinced C.D. Howe to reject the idea of quotas and to accept Hollywood's promise to use more Canadian references to promote tourism; Lester Pearson would admit publicly Canadian puniness, while Louis St. Laurent would go to the Board of Directors of Famous Players when he ceased being Prime Minister. Things had not changed much since the 1930s. It was still Hollywood's Canada. After de-

scribing the politicians' sell-out, Kramer and Brittain, themselves propagandists favoring a Canadian feature film industry, blame (perhaps unfairly) the Canadian people whom they feel have let the politicians off the hook.

The film ends with the arrival of the all-pervasive light of television and the continuation of big brother's suffusion of mass culture over the weaker sibling. About the same time, a unique Canadian documentary filmstyle emerged, which concentrated upon portraying the roots and daily particulars of ordinary human beings. Today, the documentary tradition, ever-changing, hence ever-healthy, remains the bellweather of Canadian film. And the institution which sponsors so many of these films, the National Film Board, is 40 years old.



Alan "Bozo" Moyle and Steven Lack discuss Lack's painting (in background)

Allan Moyle's **The Rubber Gun**

d. Allan Moyle, asst.d. Simon Davies, sc. Stephen Lack, John Laing, Allan Moyle, ph. Frank Vitale, Jim Lawrence, addnal.ph. Nesya Shapiro, Thom Burstyn, camera op. Rich Bujold, Erich Block, Lois Siegel, Susan Trow, ed. John Laing, sd. Julian Olson, sd.ed. Julian Olson, Jacqueline Newell, m. Lewis Furey, l.p. Stephen Lack, Allan "Bozo" Moyle, Pam Holmes-Robert, Pierre Robert, Peter Brawley, Pam Marchand, Rainbow Robert, David Popoff, Wolf Schwartz, Lily Glidden, Armand Monroe, Joe Mattia, Bill Booth, Steve Crawford, Ron Snyder, Marty McDonald, Pietro Bertolissi, Alain Dumont-Frenette, Terry Coady, p. Stephen Lack, Paul Haynes, Allan Moyle, assoc.p. Bobby Sontage, Kenneth Salomon, Gilbert Mayerovitch, p.manager Norma Bailey, p.c. St. Lawrence Film Productions, (year) 1977, col. 16mm & 35mm blown-up, running time 86 minutes, dist. Pan Canadian Films.

The counterculture, to use that

Has Anybody Here Seen Canada? is itself a splendid example of how a documentary film can serve as a mirror of a society's culture, hopes, and fears both in the past and present. It is palatable, even entertaining history. Whether or not film is the most powerful of the mechanical arts, its projection of time and place frees humanity from the chains of permanent childhood and the tyranny of the present. Taken with its predecessor, **Dreamland**, this film should be required viewing for all who have chosen to make or keep Canada their home. For non-Canadians, it is a way of seeing that Canada, divested of its ridiculous stereotypes, has something to say for itself.

Gary Evans

now anachronistic sounding term, has not been well served by the films which have been made about it. Those negative critics of **Easy Rider**, such as Robert Fulford and Paul Schrader — whose views were once derided — are now seen to be more correct in their assessment of Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper's psychedelic exploits than those who enthused over it. Those pictures that followed in **Easy Rider's** wake — **Two Lane Blacktop**, **Ripoff**, even **Zabriskie Point** — are now either forgotten or downgraded. The recent re-evaluation of the sixties and its consequences has not been all that successful in its turn. **Hair**, for all its charm and nostalgia, is as irrelevant as it ever was. **The Big Fix** not only exploits its post-Watergate cynicism, it revels in it. **Drying Up The Streets**, for all its self-conscious sordidness, remains at base a cops and robbers story.

It is in this context that Allan

Moyle's film *The Rubber Gun* should be seen. Moyle and his associates, Stephen Lack and John Laing, have chosen a popular subject, the drug trade, but instead of Robin Spry's slightly smug approach, they took a decidedly personal and "uncommercial" route. Made over a period of more than two years on a minimal budget, using as cast and crew people who worked on Frank Vitale's *Montreal Main* (see *Cinema Canada*, no. 46), it at first seems to be a documentary. What is being done here is that the common coin of modern cinema is being used in an electric fashion. Thus, one may see influences in Moyle's work from the New Wave, the direct cinema of Leacock and Pennebaker, the jumpy, loosely connected Pirandellian dramas of John Cassavetes and the gritty, improvisational street style of the young Martin Scorsese.

As in *Mean Streets*, Moyle focuses on a group of people who form a quasi-family, with a character who harbors doubts about the leading position he occupies therein. But the "family" of *The Rubber Gun* is not bound by anything as indissoluble as race or neighborhood, the way Scorsese's characters are. Their ties to each other, despite the artistic reasons that first brought them together, lie in their drug dependence, and the skill of Steve Lack, their leader, to keep them going in their business of dealing.

Steve is the figure upon which the film turns and, in spite of one's first impressions of diffuseness, the plots are quite carefully and clearly designed. The group's latest shipment of dope sits in a locker in Montreal's Windsor Station, but Steve knows that he cannot go near it, for the police have placed a phalanx of men around it. At the same time, Allan Moyle's screen persona, a naive McGill sociology student named Bozo who is doing his thesis on Steve and his "family," insinuates himself into their company. What he, and through him the audience, witnesses is the gradual breakup of the group under pressure. There is, however, a subtle difference in perspective which develops as the film goes on. The view that Allan Moyle the character has diverges from the view that Allan Moyle the director has, although they sometimes coincide. This game is carried even further with the character of Steve.

Steve Lack is a master gamesman; it is his wit which enables him to survive in the world of dealers. But the

audience is never too certain where Stephen Lack the writer is aiming the character. Is he playing with the audience, or with Bozo, whom he regards with bemused contempt, or is it both at once? This uncertainty is intended; it is built into the Pirandellian structure of the film. Some things, on the other hand, are made quite clear. Steve articulates perfectly what has happened to cause the collapse of the counter-culture in the seventies. "It used to be," he says, "they'd get stoned and go out and do something... now, it's like they are just reliving their old stones..." The standoff between the "family" and the cops is an exercise in collective ennui. "They're as bored as we are, and believe me, they are bored..." Gradually, the narcissism which always underlay the movement comes to the fore in the ursine, all consuming Peter Brawley, the sexually insecure Pierre Robert and his dissatisfied wife Pam Holmes. And all the while, Bozo has been writing in his thesis that this group has been vitalized through drugs. Only Steve, who has kept up his art, seems to feel he can walk away from it all, even though one of his friends reminds him that he hasn't made a living for years from anything other than dealing.

In the end, the whole operation blows up when Pierre, who has been kept supplied with heroin by one of the cops, makes a move with Brawley to pick up the stash and is naturally caught, to the growling voice of Lewis Furey. Bozo, his thesis completed, gives a copy to Steve, who can no longer take this kind of patronizing that is redolent of the social sciences. "It's like," he says bitterly, "you expect me to croak..." Everyone has had their illusions shattered; Bozo on the street, Pam and her daughter on the road, Pierre and Brawley in St. Vincent de Paul Prison. Only Steve seems to be unscathed, as he works on his painting while Furey's voice cries on the soundtrack.

The collective approach to *The Rubber Gun* results in very strong and affecting performances from all concerned. In spite of a seemingly loose style, there is very little that is extraneous to the plot. Even those scenes, such as Steve showing off his sadomasochistic leather mask, and Steve and Brawley cruising a group of hockey playing boys, serve to illuminate the characters. The only areas that do not seem to be properly developed are the motivations of the cops, especially

Pierre's "friend," and the treatment of Pierre and Pam's daughter Rainbow. Moyle seems to see this little girl, an apparently normal child in spite of the fact that her mother took a hundred acid trips while pregnant, as the hope of the future, but he does not explore this idea further, as Alain Tanner did in *Jonah Who Will be 25 in The Year 2000*.

The fact that this film has finally gotten some recognition outside Montreal, thanks to the Cineplex in Toronto, is telling evidence that the co-production route is not the only future for Canadian features. Unfortunately, this may be the last of this kind of picture. Our distributors do not have the capital to risk, as Warner Bros. could with Claudia Weill's *Girl Friends*, and the cutbacks at the Canada Council and the National Film Board, (organizations that helped Allan Moyle and his friends) do not portend well. With the Canadian Film Development Corp. wedded to the "international" policy, the prospects that films like this will be made and properly exhibited, appear bleak. And that is a great loss to Canadian cinema.

J. Paul Costabile

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Eric
Les Mensonges que mon
Père me Contait
Massacre à la Scie
Ils étaient Cinq

Le Chien Enragé
Duddy Kravitz
L'Autre Versant de la
Montagne

Lancer, frappé
Brrr
Visage de la Peur
Ces Adorables Victoriennes
A bout de Nerf

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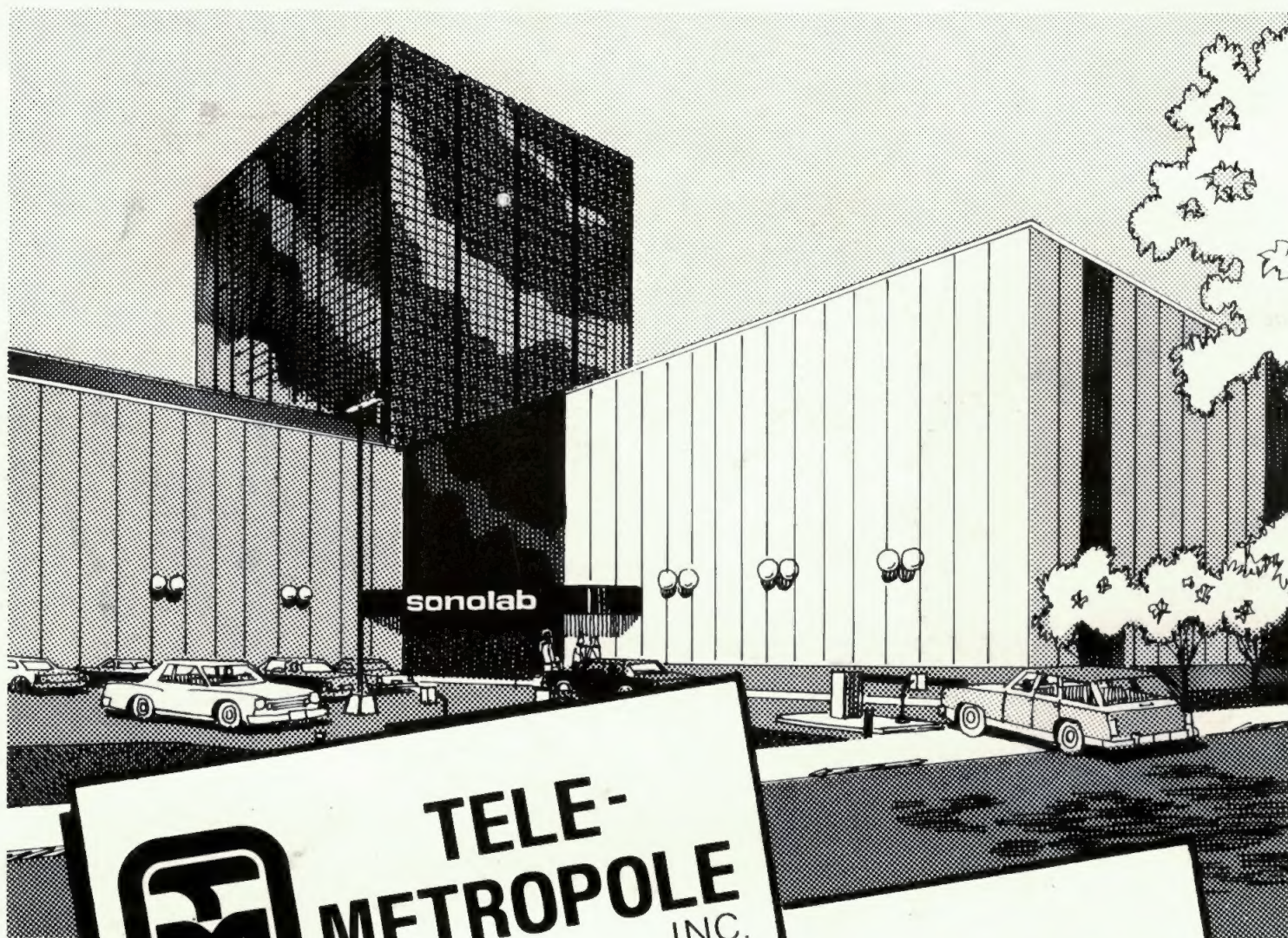
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